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THE MUGWUMPIAD

A WAIL

BY ONE OF THE UNTERRIFIED

Rev. Michael Fleming Carey

Therefore 't is with meet misery that I
Shall chant the story of Mugguompios.
The Indian music of the name has scalped
And tomahawked my utt'rance ; while his ghost
Rises before me like an exhalation
From the beans of our own Boston.

—KEETS.

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THE MUGWUMPIAD

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BOOK I.—CHAOS.

O READER,—whether gentle, kind or dear,
Impatient, cold or cynic,—look you here!
And please to note the wares that I display,
Accelerators of a laggard day.

Are you for stories? Here 's one that I got
From an old man, which opens up its plot
In IRELAND, in a fateful famine year.
The story-teller's father, 't would appear
A prudent farmer, had put by a store
From the abundance of the year before,
Which he retailed, in lieu of currency,
To all who furnished a security.
One day there came to him a woman sad,

A widow, with her son, both poorly clad :
A sack of meal of him she did request,
If he would trust ? The farmer acquiesced,
Thinking the payment she could guarantee,
And asked who her security would be.—
" Security ! " the woman echoed, awed ;
" Sure, I have no security but God."
The farmer started—stammered—bowed his head :
" I could n't ask a better one ! " he said.
" The meal is yours, good woman !—take it—go ;
For though the price of it to me you owe,
That sack of meal in Heaven's scales is weighed,
And God in his good time will see me paid."

The woman thanked him, took the meal away :
The farmer never saw her from that day.
His wife, to whom he spoke of the affair,
Who of the pennies took a closer care,
Reproached him for his thriftlessness ; for she
Had not his faith or fine simplicity.

A year rolled by, and then another one :
No word came from the widow or her son.
The wife now made no effort to conceal
Her doubts concerning payment for the meal.
Many the hint she dropped of reckless waste,

Of charity and confidence misplaced,
To which her worthy man, with smile sedate,
Would simply toss his head and bid her wait.

At last—it must have been three years or more—
There came one day a stranger to their door :
The farmer knew, as he his face did scan,
It was the widow's son now grown a man.
The youth recalled the meal that had been given,
And said his mother, who was now in Heaven,
Had made him promise by her dying cot,
At the first opportunity he got,
To pay their debt ;—and he had said he would :
He now had come to make that promise good.
The farmer smiled, and raised his hands in praise,
Looked at his wife who blushed beneath his gaze :
" Ah, woman ! " said he, " now you must admit
That I was right, for here 's the proof of it.
I always felt that debt could not be bad,
For see the great security I had ! "

And why this tale ? the reader cold may ask ;
How know we how much dulness it may mask ?
I tell it chiefly for its own sweet sake,
Although the opportunity I take

To wish that readers may invest some time
And faith in me and my meandering rhyme.
While other writers have a reputation,
Which readers must prefer, my situation
Is like the widow's in the story given,
For I have no security but Heaven.
And yet, if you 'll invest an hour or two
In me, as you can well afford to do,
I 'll do my best to see that you are paid
For all the time and patience thus outlaid.

What is Poetry? Does any one know?
I thought I did—but that was long ago—
Conceiving it as simply but the climbing
PARNASSUS by the ready road of rhyming;
But years and reading adding to my store,
The question but perplexes me the more.
We read; the fine presentment of a thought
Evokes a flame; the spark divine is caught:
But when we strive to analyze the spark,
It flickers—disappears—and all is dark.
I can but think that poetry, like love
Is indefinable: the heart strings move
Unconsciously, and chord a pleasing strain;—
We feel, but are unable to explain.

Dictionaries dissect the glowing line
With definitions which do not define ;
While specialists, enlarging on the theme,
Are clearest when they speculate and dream.
The rhetorician gives us certain signs
Wherewith we may detect the subtle lines.
But evidence direct will oft appear,
And yet we cannot give a verdict clear.
Often in reading an aspiring rhyme,
Our spirits cannot with the writer climb ;
While passages some critics label great,
We often strive in vain to penetrate.
'T is true that certain men are pointed out
As poets beyond fraction of a doubt ;
But are they always poets ? do their claims
Apply to all the rhymes which bear their names ?
Is not a poet something like a horse—
A thoroughbred—who, speeding o'er the course,
Is rated by his best performance there,
And in the average is only fair ?

The sharps who judge a poet by a rule—
Assign his works to such and such a school—
May relish, if they follow equine sport,
Another illustration of the sort ;
To-wit, that SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, in their prime,

Are running horses making fastest time ;
While DRYDEN, POPE are trotters, surely great,
But triumphing in a more formal gait.
Yet who shall say that trotters cannot run ?
It were a break, indeed ! But let 's have done
With horses,—they are fickle ;—to our rhyme ;
(Our PEGASUS is making shameful time.)
What is Poetry ? Heaven only knows !
It may be any writing, even prose.*

Here let me introduce that simile
Time-frosted—let me say that poetry
Is like to man : two parts comprise the whole—
It has a body, it must have a soul.
Its language is the body, prone to sin ;
The soul is genius breathed by genius in.
Many may bodies to completion bring,
But soul-transfusion is another thing.
Good-natured readers glancing o'er a screed,
Sometimes accept the intention for the deed :
A body being to their view revealed
They think a soul within, somewhere concealed.

* (Although I offer feeble explanations
Of poetry, with feebler illustrations,
'T were best, perhaps, I fail to explicate it :
They who define it best cannot create it.)

These easy critics, common in our times,
Bestow the name of poems to all rhymes
Or writings parcelled out in equal measure,
Wherein the eye or ear doth take a pleasure.

But all verse-weavers have not the pretence
Of being poets in the primal sense.
Some, knowing their material is shoddy,
Aim only to create a pleasing body ;
And while that may be perfect, yet the whole,
The spark divine—the necessary soul,
Is lacking. Truly, they are but machines !
Another class prints in the magazines,
Whose aim is zenith, very often higher :
Thinking that words in friction emit fire,
With compound adjectives and terms obscure,
The heavenly spark they try in vain to lure.
The end may justify their awful means,
But then—the fact that sparks in magazines
Are dangerous, suggests the airy notion
That readers might not relish an explosion.

Referring to the metre, it is said
By sundry critics, certain forms are dead
Beyond revival ; and, among the number,
Heroic couplets must forever slumber.

If sleep be what the critics mean by death,
A counterfeit detected by the breath,
From which there is a waking, I agree ;—
And yet it may be taken literally.
They compliment a casting made of old,
But will not let a modern use the mold,
Deeming it impracticable at present,
Although by early poets rendered pleasant.
Forgive me, friends ! I meant not to exhume
A form deceased, or trespass on the tomb !
If certain fields produce abundant grain,
Then sterile for a period remain,
Can we be sure that nothing more will grow
In them, and warn all others not to sow ?
Was BYRON'S masterpiece debarred from fame
By being set in SPENSER'S gilded frame ?

No form of verse that ever lived is dead,
Though moderns using it remain unread.
See POPE and DRYDEN, poets who confine
Their every thought in the heroic line !
If critics still concede to them renown,
Their vehicle cannot be broken down.
This being so, the common right I claim
To hitch my PEGASUS unto the same.
And should I fail to keep the critics' pace,—

Should they with justice rule me from the race,
And of my poor performances make game,
The steed, and not the vehicle 's to blame.

In twanging thus a prelude on the lyre,
I will not say to what heights I aspire.
A body, though, I 'll contract to produce ;—
If soul be lacking, surely there 's excuse,
For that 's a thing no bard can guarantee—
And why should you exact so much of me ?
If lifeless be the form that I supply,
Then I can feel that it shall never die.
A lively corpse, at least, I 'll strive to make,
And there may be amusement at the wake.
If with the fire poetic 't is not lit,
I 'll try to galvanize the corpse with wit.
And should you not appreciate the same,
Regard the fun as low, the wit as tame,
I will not criticize your lack of taste,
Nor think my sweetness wholly run to waste.

There is no law in nature or in state
Compelling readers to appreciate :
A book should no one but the writer task.
I must decline to wear the beggar's mask,
Or pose before you as your humble slave ;

Your kind indulgence I refuse to crave,
Even though you relegate me to the shelf.
The public reads to please its precious self—
Not the writer. How do you like my style?
Bad! did you call it? execrable? vile?
Critics might term it vicious. Bad or good,
My chiefest aim is to be understood.
If I have any message to convey,
I shall express it by the shortest way.
If rhymes be strained make a meaning clear.
Truth triumphs, though art suffers. But I fear
That I 'm prolix, detaining you too long
Upon the threshold of my solemn song.
Like those who "really have n't time to stay"—
The women, I 've so many things to say
That I forget a few. . . Ah, yes! there 's one:
If here and there I introduce a pun,
Pray, don't complain, but coldly pass them by.
There 's no one hates a punster more than I;
But, coming from myself, I often think
A pun is worth preserving in the ink.

These are the overtures I make to you:
Diplomatically, they may not do.
Diplomacy is but a synonym
For cant, hypocrisy, which I condemn;

And which, as further reading will disclose,
It is my good intention to expose.
So I must be consistent, but for that
I 'd cloak the truth, and be a diplomat.—
At least I 'd try—but you would not be fooled,
For I am not in arts mendacious schooled.
The cultured Ananiases would sneer
And gibe at my pretensions of veneer.
Not every man can look you in the eye,
Profess the truth, while he performs the lie :
I cannot, for one ;—this I will admit.
Is not my admission a proof of it ?

Ah, why was I neglected in my youth ?
Why did my education stop at truth ?
Why do I strive for simple, homely ends—
The coarse approval and applause of friends ?
How is it that I really feel a pride
In being with a clan identified,
To whom these epithets are oft applied—
UNWASHED, UNTUTORED, and UNTERRIFIED ?

Hail, JEFFERSON ! the founder of our clan,—
Great socialist, who fixed the par of man !
Proudly do I recall the virtues rare,

By thee possessed : the courage to declare,
And, greater still, the grace to bear in mind
The common dignity of human-kind.
Greatly do I admire the fearless pen
That equalized and vindicated men ;
And be it my endeavor to protect
Thy legacy, so that when years effect
The halcyon age, approaching sure though slow,
Mankind instructed in the past shall know,
And, gratefully, concede their state to be
The culmination of thy true democracy.

BOOK II.—EARTH.

WHEN MILTON sang of angels fallen low,
The MUSES stimulated him ; and so
It was with gentle SHAKESPEARE'S soulful speech—
The glorious NINE incited it, and each
Bestowed the gift of her peculiar taste—
Aye !—even when he heroed man debased ;
To our own poet they have given heed,
Soothing the sorrows of a spavined steed
Of ATRI : why then, reasoned simple I,
Should they to me encouragement deny,
Even though I delve into a stratum lower
Than poet ever prospected before ?

Musing in such a strain, I fell asleep
And woke in DREAMLAND, on the crest of steep
OLYMPUS. There, among the ancient blest,
I stood, noting with breathless interest,
A game of baseball. All the gods were by,
Watching the sport, ready to testify

Appreciation. Often would they applaud,
And not unwisely. From a minor god,
Enthusiastic, (I forget his name)
I got some information of the game.

The PAN-OLYMPIANS and PIERIDES
Were the two nines engaged in play. Of these,
The latter club comprised, as I perceived,
None other than the MUSES; and I grieved
To see the gentle, reputable NINE
Engaged in sport so plainly masculine.
'T is usual, reporting these affairs,
To give the disposition of the players,
And so shall I, as no detail is tame
Pertaining to that scientific game.

Know first that great APOLLO, JACK OF HEARTS,
And chief director of a dozen arts—
In fine, a mythologic thoroughbred
Whose fame might well inspire the nines with dread—
Acted as umpire. Few dared brave his scowl
Arguing whether hits be fair or foul.
The PAN-OLYMPIANS were at the bat;
The MUSES had the field;—to treat of that:
CALLIOPE was pitcher (swift as thought
Was her delivery); THALIA caught;

EUTERPE played at first ; the second base
Was guarded by MELPOMENE (her face
Without a mask) ; ERATO covered third
(The post suggests Errata for the word) ;
TERPSICHORE, as shortstop, danced with grace
Along the line 'twixt third and second base,
And seemed to play a sort of obligato
To grave MELPOMENE and warm "ERRATA" ;
URANIA, POLYMNIA and CLIO,
That statelier but less adaptive trio,
Stood each a lighthouse in a grassy sea,
Right-, left- and centre-field respectively.
Thus were the Nine Pierian disposed,
By JOVE's full court and hangers-on enclosed.

Their opponents I cannot specify,
Not having an official score card by ;
However, further knowledge was supplied
By the obliging godlet at my side,
Who told me that the Pan-Olympian nine
Was what is called a scrub (a club, in fine,
Patched up for the occasion), and comprised
The FURIES, FATES and three unrecognized.

But, to the game. The umpire bade them play :
CALLIOPE, impatient to obey,
Produced the ball, on which was branded "Fame"—

The factory, perhaps, from which it came.
Then out stalked ATROPOS, of Fates the worst—
The last, but in the present instance first ;
Up to the plate she walked 'mid deafening cheers,
The bat she wielded, a huge pair of shears.
Twice, CALLIOPE pitched the ball of fame ;
Twice, did ATROPOS try to strike the same ;
And then, while sober silence stole o'er all,
CALLIOPE once more impelled the ball ;
ATROPOS withholding her bat in doubt,
The ball passed,—and APOLLO ruled her out !
Such medicine the batter would not swallow ;
She fiercely stormed administ'ring APOLLO ;
Her partisans among the gods chimed in,
And there ensued a most unearthly din.
Words were exchanged that would corrode a pen,
For gods have passions much the same as men.

Then, when the tide of words had ebbed away
(But how it came about I cannot say),
I found myself a player—at the bat !
Truly could I exclaim, "Where am I at?"
Yes—I was at the bat, though strange it seems,
But,—oh, the inconsistency of dreams !—
The bat I wielded was a ponderous pen,
Mightier than any sword of human ken.

I never thought of how I happened there,—
Of how I came to mix in the affair,—
I simply knew that I stood at the plate
Usurping functions of a kinder Fate :
As neither gods nor players seemed surprised,
My action could not have been unadvised.

Once more CALLIOPE prepared to pitch,
While I stood braced, and nervously did twitch
My weapon singular :—whizz ! came the ball,
Whizz ! went my bat : it was a strike—that 's all !
Again the ball came speeding o'er the plate ;
Again I missed, as did the previous Fate ;
Then, all but despairing, I heard a voice
Encouraging, causing me to rejoice :
THALIA'S 't was, the catcher standing by—
I 'll swear that she was smiling, by her eye,
Albeit her face was covered by a mask !—
But ere I could surmise, or questions ask,
CALLIOPE again the ball did throw ;
I hit at, missed it, hung my head, when lo !
THALIA dropped it !—muffed it, I should say,—
It struck her palm, and bounded far away.

Quicker than words can offer explanation,
I grasped and utilized the situation :
Down towards first I ran with winning pace,

Determined to arrive upon the base
Before the ball. Meantime, THALIA had
Recovered and despatched it ; but so bad
Her aim was (not for me, though, be it said),
The ball went high above EUTERPE's head.
Realizing, at once, the state of things,
I skimmed the bases like a thing of wings :
Before EUTERPE could return the ball,
I scored the run,—awoke,—and that was all !

'T was but a dream, dispelled by reason's beam ;
And yet—as BYRON's was—not all a dream.
Extravagant the thought, yet I confess
I held it metaphoric of success.
Although CALLIOPE with epic curve
Might puzzle me, could not THALIA serve
My purpose just as well ? Away with doubt !
Give me the bat :—I 'll score—or be put out !

There is a town within COLUMBIA's bounds—
MUDAREA. How soft the title sounds !
It is the scene of my initial act—
The ground wherein I plant my vine of fact ;
Which vine with my support shall later rise,

Like JACOB's ladder, to celestial skies ;
And having roots proportionate shall sink,
And pierce the lower world to HADES' brink.
Within this town resided, among others,
MUGWUMPUS and JACKSONIUS, two brothers,
Sons of a father who had toiled and planned,
And, happily, invested in some land
Which later, spite of marshes and malaria,
Developed into populous MUDAREA.
The father was a power in his day
In local councils ; when he passed away,
He left his sons, besides his real estate,
A record they might proudly emulate.
MUGWUMPUS was the elder of the sons,
One of your cultured, college-fashioned ones ;
His years, thirty ;—a lawyer of some note,
With vision blurred by a dyspeptic mote.
The world was, indeed, wicked in his sight ;
Full often he bemoaned its sorry plight.
Given a good retainer in the case,
He would reorganize the human race
Upon a plan (but this was only one)
Whereby the politicians were undone,
And all the power was taken from the masses
And vested in the so-styled "upper" classes—
That is the moneyed class, to put it plainer.

He 'd push this scheme, if given a retainer,
But that must be forthcoming. So you see,
In matters that affected you and me,
He entertained illusions unawares,
But—oh, how sane in personal affairs!

Mugwumpus had declared, when young and warm,
He loved the star-eyed goddess of reform,—
That he, in truth, was wedded to the dame
Whose optics are with heavenly light aflame.
Though dazzled by this lady's brilliant feature,
He spied, between the blinks, an earthly creature,
Who pleased him much. This daughter of the earth
Was blessed with brains and beauty, bonds and birth,
Which combination broke his youthful vows,
And gave to him a more substantial spouse.
A bigamist, he became, in words at least;
His temper mended and his wealth increased.
He would have been a happy man, in truth,
Could he forget the passion of his youth;
But such our fate, we never can forget;—
With our bills paid, the soul is oft in debt.

Jacksonius, the younger of the brothers,
Was careless in his youth, like many others,
Neglecting opportunities and school.
But soon his boyish brains began to cool:

Noting his lack of needful education,
He overcame an adverse inclination,
And started in to make up for lost time,
Feeling that his ignorance was a crime.
His knowledge train, it might be said, was late :
Early delayed it was at twenty-eight,
Just steaming past the station MEDIOCRE,
With him to act as engineer and stoker.

And yet JACKSONIUS knew a thing or two,
Although his knowledge train was overdue :
Men, he had studied, while neglecting books—
He grasped the alphabet of acts and looks,
And putting these together, he could read
The man,—his worth, the motives of the deed.
But there was one heart which to him was Greek,
MUGWUMPUS';—'t was certainly unique.
It furnished the exception to the rule
Which, as I think we all were taught in school,
But serves to clinch the proof beyond a doubt,—
Though why or how I never could make out.
Perhaps this proof is but a paradox ?
I knew a man who daily changed his socks,
And often wondered why he took the bother
Of shifting each from one foot to the other.
The change was certainly not for the better,

The spirit being shifted by the letter,
Thus language often triumphs over sense.
(The illustration is a trifle dense :
Like POPE, I have that imitative fad
Of pointing faults by figures similarly bad.)

MUGWUMPUS used the syllogistic art.
A premise warmed the cockles of his heart :
And could he get two of them in collusion—
Ah ! then the ecstasy of a conclusion !
By using learned language on JACKSONIUS,
To prove that false opinions were erroneous,
Poor JACK, unskilled in fencing of the school,
Would marvel much, and think himself a fool.

Out in the world, JACK was the greater factor :
In business as a builder and contractor,
He strove to rear a fortune of his own,
Collateral with walls of brick and stone.
He realized that those employed had feelings,
Was always prompt and gracious in his dealings,—
Which traits begot him popular applause,
And clicked the fatal lock on Envy's jaws.
Among the fair sex, JACK was rated "nice" ;
Occasionally skating on their ice,
He was not of the pastime overfond,

And had a dread of Matrimony's pond.
A bachelor he was, and lived alone
In the old house, his brother having gone
And set a domicile up for himself,
When HYMEN kindly took him from the shelf.

Dear reader, I have introduced to you
My hero and his brother. "How d' ye do?"
My hero says to you: why don't you greet him?
I cannot hear you say you 're pleased to meet him.
Perhaps you take exception to his name?
'T were easy then another one to frame.
I thought to make of him a noble Roman,
By giving him this Latinized cognomen :—
If you desire I 'll change the *us* to *os*,
And thus impart to it a Grecian gloss.
This might be called "small Latin and less Greek,"
As rare BEN JONSON says in his unique
And kindly tribute to his brother bard;
Yet SHAKESPEARE himself says in language hard,
"All 's well that ends well!"—and in this connection,
Much happiness may lie in an inflection.
And speaking of that bard equally quick
And skilled to frame a lay, or lay a brick,
BEN JONSON,—I must now and here declare

How happily the epithet of "rare"
Doth coalesce with him;—not every name
Can stand the test of coupling with the same.
Theus was a poet, studiously queer,
In JONSON's day (both born in the same year),
And equally as famous in his time,
With whom this adjective would scarcely chime.
How inconsistent would it sound should one
Of his admirers cry, "O rare JOHN DONNE!"

Two characters I 've introduced to you—
MUGWUMPUS and JACKSONIUS: they 'll do
For present needs. I do not care to crowd
Your memory (as DICKENS would), nor cloud
The personalities of these, my heroes,
By massing them with incidental zeroes.
Nor would I have you think, as DICKENS would,
That either one was wholly bad or good;
But, with the kind yet soul-dissecting pen
Of THACKERAY, would say that they are men;—
Not devils, nay—nor angels,—merely mortals
Who have not yet crossed Hell's or Heaven's portals.

And now for action!—an advance—a charge!
I stand like CÆSAR on the river's marge,
Trying to conjure up before my vision

The likely outcome of this expedition.
A soldier whether beaten or victorious,
In memory is held equally glorious :
Not so the poet. For the second time,
Wise JEFFERSON, to thee I tune my rhyme,—
Thou star whose guiding light directly beams
Upon our land, materializing dreams
Of ancient lovers of true liberty !
Oh, may those wights whose eyes are turned from thee
To eastern constellations in decline,—
Those wights whose creed politic is not thine—
Oh, may they soon have sense to feel and see
Thy truth, thy fixity, thy majesty !
And for those Ishmaelites to whom this scroll
Owes its resounding title,—whose orbs roll
In futile frenzy round the firmament,
Discovering lights whose fire is early spent,—
Those nondescripts who know not what they are,
Who hail a comet and disdain a star,—
If they persist in wrong, and will not see,
Then may their eyes be further closed by me !

'T was winter in MUDAREA. The streets
Had coverlets of snow and icy sheets
Spread over them. Pillows of shovelled fleece

Were banked along the gutter to increase
The force of this bed-ridden metaphor,
And—to facilitate the traveller.
It was a troubled year of HOLY G.,
In JANUARY—the year's infancy.
'T is natural for babes to weep and squall,
And this one shared the common powers of all.
Upon the evening which I here impose,
The sky was in a mood most lachrymose,
Its gelid tears accumulating fast
On stoop and walk. At eight, or quarter-past,
It ceased, crying its clammy self to sleep;
And all was quiet save for breathings deep
As from the slumberer, with a stray sigh
From the tall trees in their numb agony.

JACKSONIUS, done with business of the day,
Within him a good supper laid away,
And just risen from the ravished table,
Essayed to play the part of *Whittier's* MABEL:
With his face glued against the basement glass,
He gazed without upon the Arctic grass
That brushed against the lone pedestrian's shins,
And covered multitudes of paving sins.
Observing that the snow had ceased to fall,
He thought it would be well to push the pall

From nature's face (the sidewalk, in the town—
The curbstone marks the neck)—to turn it down,
And tuck it neatly underneath the chin.
Already could he hear the muffled din—
The smothered scrape of shovels in the snow,
Telling of neighbors who were not so slow.
So forth he went, a shovel in his hand,
To join the volunteer street-cleaning band.
That JACK was also out for exercise,
Would not be an unwarranted surmise.
Briskly he set himself about his task,
Nor stopped he until half the pallid mask
Was torn away; then did he pause to rest,
And steady down his oscillating breast.
(It is at best but childish sport, I know,
To make so many images of snow.
My reputation surely would be made,
Could I store them in some poetic shade.
Blow hot upon them, critic, and they melt;
Blow cold, your icy breathings are not felt.)

Leaning upon his shovel, JACK grew calm;
The exercise reacted like a balm;
A vague exhilaration thrilled his frame,
He felt just then that life was sweet if tame.
Quietly standing, he became aware

Of music further down the thoroughfare :
'T was from the dancing school, a schottische strain
Telling the meeting of that famous twain—
McGinty and old Neptune. Jack's delight
Was music, melodies of sweetness, light.
The present lively air was to his taste ;
He was all ears, fearful that it might waste
Its sweetness on the desert drifts of snow ;
Keenly he followed it—when hark ! and lo !
A motor car came groaning up the street,
Making McGinty's drowning quite complete.

Jack sighed, and turned attention to the car,
Whose trolley rod, as would a live cigar,
Exhibited alternate moods of light
And darkness (*ergo*, in and out of sight) ;
Or, like a huge lightning-bug, if that won't
Answer, which now you see and now you don't ;
Or, better still, compare it to those sheet
Illuminations charged with summer's heat.
(I know that these comparisons are odious,
Their application strained and unmelodious :
Part of my stock they are, though wanting vigor ;
I must get rid of them at any figure !
And since I 've chilled you so with shapes of snow,
Perhaps these will restore your normal glow !)

When the car reached JACKSONIUS' home,
It slackened, stopped : and out of it did come
Three perfect gentlemen, who greeted JACK
As if they all had known him from 'way back.
They were acquaintances of his, 't is true,
But as, dear reader, they 're unknown to you,
Pray let me introduce three politicians—
Three spokesmen of their party—three tacticians—
SWARTZOCRATES, QUINNTILLIAN, and OTULIAN '
And be their blood vermillion or cerulean,
It boots us not to hazard hopes or fears :
To them JACK was a man, and all men, peers.

That they had weighty business to transact,
JACK soon became aware ; but for the fact
That he had half the sidewalk yet to clear,
He would at once have given them his ear.
He bade them wait until his task was ended,
And they heroically condescended ;
Whilst many a jest was bandied by the three
Upon their friend's surprising industry.
When the last shovelful was thrust away,
JACK faced his callers, and for the delay
Made mock apologies, which they repaid
With words which may be better left unsaid—
At least, it would n't do for me to write them.

And yet, though lexicographers may slight them,
It might be well for foreigners to know
Our terms are more extensive than the show
Of words which they in dictionaries see ;—
However,—we had better "let them be,"
As they 're the only things still unemployed
In filling up that realistic void.

When JACK proceeded to invite them in,
SWARTZOCRATES requested with a grin
That all of them at his expense repair
Across the street to an oasis where
Good liquid entertainment was supplied
To man and beast. All willingly complied
To this request : across the street they went,
Straight on, and into an establishment
Whose many lights alluringly did shine
Across the snowy waste, whilst a huge sign
Assured the favorite of fortune fickle,
Here was the spot for him to drop his nickle,
If quantity was what his stomach craved.
On entering its portals, all behaved
As if they were familiar with the place
And with its ways, which may have been the case.
They halted at the bar to order beer,
Then walked to an apartment in the rear,

And sat them down beside a table round.—
(Locate GAMBRINUS, and its head is found.)

When liquids and cigars were served to all,
QUINNTILLIAN broached the business of their call,
Which was, to boil a bulky matter down,
That JACK should be next mayor of the town !
For the three present, a committee were,
Appointed by the party, to confer
With JACK, and if it pleased him to agree,
Next mayor he undoubtedly would be.
OTULIAN bemoaned, in language warm,
The people's restless reachings for reform :
If the present mayor should again aspire,
He would be beaten ; the enemy's fire
They had at length concluded they would steal,
By nominating one, whose name would heal
The present wounds, and lead the soreheads back :—
That one—that only nominee, was JACK !
JACK listened to the three, but made no sign—
Did not accept the tender or decline ;
But when they all had finished, he desired
Time to consider it. If they required
Immediate answer, he would give them No ;
But he would like to have a day or so
To ponder it. To this the three agreed.

Another glass of lager and a weed,
And all arose to go. Out on the walk
They stood again in confidential talk,—
When, the rare motor car pounding in sight,
The three gentlemen bade their friend good-night.

JACK stood a moment in a study brown.
If it were possible for men to drown
By being totally immersed in thought,
He would have been a victim ; but he caught
And saved himself before quite overcome,—
Relit his weed, and slowly sauntered home.

There was a room o'erlooking landscapes rear—
His combination den and office : there
Did JACK betake himself on entering,
To sit and give his fancies fuller fling.
And so he sat, and smoked, and dreamed, and thought,
While hopes and fears within his bosom fought.
The clock ticked off the hours, unseen, unheard,
And still he sat, and with himself conferred.
And when he had decided what he ought
To do, he took a sober second thought :
Then, when he felt his thinking task was done,
He heard the neighboring steeple tally one.

He then made preparation to retire.
The raven-coated cat beside the fire,
Awakened by his movements, yawned, arose,
Walked o'er and rubbed himself against JACK's shoes.
JACK stooped and stroked him with caressing hand,
Said to him, as if he could understand,
"O LAZARUS, would that thou couldst advise!
Oh, would that I could look into thine eyes,—
Those eyes that seem intelligent as man's,—
And read a confirmation of my plans!
Oh, would—" but let me halt here, to inquire
Whether the gentle reader doth desire
To know what JACK had thought so much about?—
Or how the mental struggle had turned out?

In many entertainments of the stage,
The characters will often, in a rage,
Think out so loud the audience can hear.
Has it not struck you oft as being queer
How stage villains, finding themselves alone,
Will mouth their thoughts?—when from behind a stone
Or tree, there issues forth a listener keen,
Saying: "Ha, ha! murderer, (quite a scene)
At last your guilt—your infamy is known!
I heard your thoughts behind that tree—or stone!"
The novelists, too, are nowadays inclined

To bare the smallest workings of the mind.
I often wonder how they manage it—
I think they must select the thoughts to fit.
But if, kind, patient reader, you would know
JACK's thoughts upon the subject, I will show
By ways within my province : I will tell
What JACK said to the cat ; but mark you well
(Though HOMER nods at times and often blinks)
That, in the present case, JACK speaks, not thinks.

"O LAZARUS!" said JACK, "I 've thought it best
Not to accept—accede to their request ;
But if they 'll nominate instead of me,
My brother, wise MUGWUMPUS, I 'll agree
To furnish all the sinews they may need
To wage the war ; and it shall be agreed
That every man retain his old position,
And none but workers receive recognition."

Unburdened thus, JACK rose and faced about,
Walked over to the window and looked out.
The night was glorious, serene and cold.
The moon, issuing from its cloudy hold,
Was beaming calmly through the sea of night,
Flooding the snow with a full wave of light.
The huge icicles, hanging in a row

Down from the stable eaves, were all aglow,
Fancy transmuting them to organ pipes
Of purest onyx. (These are only types—
Artistic settings of Dame Nature's beauty,
Which every servile, scribbling slave of duty
Doth sandwich in whene'er he gets a chance,
Thinking his reputation to enhance.)
JACK saw and felt the calmness of the scene :
His own bosom was not so serene.
Gazing upon the moon, he wished success
To all his plans, until a soft caress—
A rub from LAZARUS with his trousers playing—
Recalled to earth his fancies moonward straying.
The hour was late, the night would soon be sped ;
JACK moved adjournment, and turned into bed.

Arriving at this breathing—sleeping station,
I find my MUSE needs some acceleration.
The story moves on moderately well,
But yet there are so many things to tell,
That I must try henceforward to condense them,
And end a few before I well commence them.
Some scribes take twenty chapters to express
And clothe the happenings of a week or less,
While in the final chapter there appears
A chronicle that covers twenty years.

I must be different ! No second fiddle
Will do for me ! I'll squeeze it in the middle
(The narrative, I mean), for I surmise
There is the best place to economize
The words I spend in spinning out my song.
Git up, old PEGASUS ! chick, chick ! go 'long !
Let the folks see your paces ! show your speed !
Just let them know you 're not the lazy steed
They take you for ! Don't mind those ruts of time
Or hills of incident, but boldly climb,
And gallop steadily onward toward the goal,
Stopping not to rest at every trifling knoll.

When JACK arose next morn, he donned his clothes.
(Now this will never do, for goodness knows
I 'll never finish—never ! I 'm afraid,
If I record each minute movement made !
Some folks pretend to do it, but I sha'n't.
Perhaps it is I 'm mad because I can't.)
JACK rose next day and went to see his brother ;
(There, that line travels faster than the other.)
He told him of the nomination tendered,
His plans concerning it. That MUG surrendered
Most willingly to JACK's fraternal schemes,
You may be doubly sure. Even in his dreams,
He had not thought such honor would befall him.

Yes, MUG was ready should the people call him,
To sacrifice himself their ends to serve !
That 's how he answered ;—it displays his nerve ;
For no one dreamt of calling him to rule,—
Even JACK, who thought he saw in him a tool.

MUG being fixed, JACK went to the committee,
And told them, though he 'd like to rule the city,
He 'd thought it best their offer to decline,
He had a brother, though, who in that line
Was most ambitious, and if he would do,
The necessary sinews, fat or glue,
Required in prosecuting the campaign,
Would be supplied. The leaders heard in pain ;
Did not disguise their evident disgust ;—
Refused at first in MUG to place their trust.
Putting together one thing and another,
JACK saw he had a much detested brother.
But JACK was loyal to his flesh and blood,
And argued for him as a brother should.
He told the leaders they would be the power
Behind the chair ;—that from the very hour
His brother took the office till he quit,
Their wishes would predominate ; that it
Would be the same as if himself were there.
The leaders slowly yielded to JACK'S prayer

(They needed funds, and they were sorely driven),
But stipulated that a pledge be given
In writing by MUGWUMPUS. JACK demurred
To this, but gave to them his solemn word
That he would see their wishes were respected.
JACK's word was not a bye-word : none objected,
And 't was on these conditions then agreed
That MUG should be the man their hosts to lead.
This being done, JACK to his brother went,
And told him the conditions. MUG's consent
Was given to them, and a tryst arranged
Wherein assurances were interchanged
Between MUG and the leaders. So 't was slated,
And MUG, when the time came, was nominated.

Why need I dwell upon the sharp campaign
Which then ensued ? Why should my chaste MUSE deign
To patter in the slimy pools that strew
The paths of politics ?—to rend, to chew
The bitter bone of partisan contention ?
Ah, why accord it more than passing mention ?
She sha'n't ; I sha'n't ! It is enough to know
That JACK devoted half his time and " dough "
(In such transactions no one speaks of money,
But words synonymous are used. It 's funny,
How copious are the terms in this connection !)

In compassing MUGWUMPUS' election.
'T was a close fight,—and were 't not for the party
That labored for him with a will as hearty
As if he were their dearest candidate,
He would have been defeated. Yes, the slate
Went safely through, but by a margin slender :
MUGWUMPUS was declared the great defender,—
The staunch assertor of democracy !
The leaders cheered, but sighed such chiefs should be.

MUGWUMPUS now was Mayor—none knew why ;
But be it said he did not dignify
The office half so much as it did him,
For dignity twitched in his every limb—
To speak not of his head-piece which became
So large as to almost topheave his frame.
Before the mayor's seat was fairly warm,
He lapsed into his passion for reform.
Grave mouthings relative to public trust,
Pedantic platitudes with mossy crust
Escaped him ;—yet the leaders only laughed,
And grudgingly gave credit to his craft,
As they supposed it, till the dark day came
Which brought to him the privilege to name
Three citizens for office. Here arose
The snag of trouble, as the sequel shows :

The leaders named two men and sent him word
To please himself in picking out the third ;
But judge of their surprise—their wrath to see
He pleased himself in picking out all three,
Not one of whom was pleasing to the men
Who won the mayor's victory. Again
They gave him notice—orders is the word—
That he appoint the two by them preferred,—
That he withdraw two names out of the three,
Thinking there might misunderstanding be.
Then did they find their own graves they had dug,
For judge their great surprise to learn from MUG
That *he* now in the mayor's chair did sit,
And would appoint whosoever he saw fit.—
His course, henceforth, would be one of reform ;
'T was vain for them to threaten or to storm ;
The people were behind him (what a screen !) ;—
Their wishes, not the nod of a machine,
Would be his guide ! Such his defiant trumpet.—
If they liked not his tune, why they could lump it !
(This is the song which the mosquito sings,
Buzzing around your head before he stings.)
Of course the leaders went at once to JACK,
Reporting MUG's "defi" and utter lack
Of principle or manners. JACK was dazed
On hearing all, and thought his brother crazed.

Away, at once, to MUGWUMPUS he flew,
And then ensued a wrathful interview.
JACK asked him if he were not going daft
In acting as he did? MUG only laughed
At this, and bade JACK not to grow so warm.—
The people all were anxious for reform,
And he would give it to them. "But," said JACK,
"You said naught of reform a few months back,
And if you now are in your proper senses,
You 've worked your way to power by false pretences.
Better put such reform upon the shelf,
And start at once in to reform yourself!"
But MUG was obdurate—refused to budge
From his position. "Heaven be your judge!"
Said JACK, "my creed politic starts and ends
With honor and fidelity to friends,—
And so should every man's! See to them first,
Consult their preference,—then do your worst."
To view the subject thus, MUG would not deign;—
No,—he looked at it from a higher plane;
He felt the grave responsibility
That rested on him, and he should be free
To name the men he thought best qualified
For office; and moreover he denied
The right of any party to dictate
To him;—'t was monstrous!—it would violate

And compromise the pledges of reform
On which he was elected. (Here the storm
Grew violent: among the elements,
JACK's language was by far the more intense.)
Of all damned fools, MUG was the damnedest fool,
Despite the many terms he served at school!—
Reform was one thing; a promise, another.—
Alas, he had a JUDAS for a brother!—
He would go forth and tell his friends the facts,
And publish to the world his polyfacéd acts.

And thus JACK left him, full of scorn and wrath.
The primroses had withered in his path.
How could he set himself right with the leaders?
How could he square himself? Ah, gentle readers,
I hope he has your pity, for it needs
Much sympathy to bind the wound that bleeds
From sharp ingratitude! I do contend
That he who wantonly betrays a friend
Is fouler than a beast I shall not name,
And a fit candidate for Hades' flame.

And so I sing, may Fortune's smile descend
On him who to his friends can be a friend;—
Who feasting with them in their sunny hours,
Can fast with them when disappointment lowers.

Some men declare they hold their country dear ;—
God grant their protestations are sincere,
For patriotism is a sacred thing—
The love of country, not the country's king !
Yet many men have hastened to the front
To face the foe and bear the battle's brunt,
Whose thoughts were not of country at the time,
Nor of their chief, but of their own sublime
Ambition ;—yea, and more of them were bent
Solely upon their own emolument :
And it is chiefly from such men we hear
Of patriotism ! A patriot I revere,
If he is really such, but I am curious,
And—who can sift the real from the spurious ?

A party man, I earnestly commend,
One who is ever ready to defend
His creed and representatives ; but he
Is also on occasions apt to be
Inspired more by the greed of promised pelf,
Than with the joy of victory itself.
But then no man exacts in his conditions
Disinterestedness of politicians.
'T is not in human nature to expect
That virtue in our body of elect.
Yet I protest when they in language strong

Conjure up honored names to cloak a wrong ;
Or when, to further their own ends, they shout
For party loyalty to bear them out.
Thus party men, like spurious patriots, can
Be hypocrites. But give to me the man,
The friend who when occasion shall demand,
Will in the lists of friendship take his stand !
'T is true, he too can have a selfish end ;—
Admit the same, he proves, at worst, a friend.

Hail to the patriot ! him I revere,
If genuine ; honor to the sincere,
Rock-bottomed party man ! him I admire ;
But, best of all, the friend ! he can inspire
In me a feeling warmer,—him I love ;
He fights for me, and for the Friend above !

JACK never sought his brother after that.
He frankly told the leaders of the spat
And MUG's duplicity, and roundly swore
That MUG to him a brother was no more !
The leaders, seeing JACK was greatly grieved,
Reproached him not, for all of them believed
He acted in good faith : they quickly bent
Their energies to plans to circumvent

The egotist whom they had raised to power—
To make his life a burden from that hour.
A few days later, JACK, upon the street,
Met face to face with MUG, who stopped to greet
And talk to him, but JACK brushed on
And left MUG standing like a block of stone.

And thus you see what politics will do :
What pleases me, distasteful is to you ;
Oaths are lightly lipped, promises are broken ;
Friends meet to quarrel, angry words are spoken ;
Enmity ensues, if not something worse.—
O Woman ! I have spared you in my verse,
And let my pen here prick the cynic bubbles
Locating you as source of all our troubles :
'T is false !—for you are not the only cause,
While Politics upon our roof-tree gnaws.

I will not say that MUG was wholly wrong
In acting as he did. In clauses strong,
The platform upon which he was elected,
Favored reforms,—but platforms when erected
Are not on all occasions occupied
By those who build them. If the chinks are wide
'Twixt plank and plank, as I have often seen,
Pledges are very apt to drop between.

A platform (here a simile discover)
Is like the declaration of a lover :
The maid, when hearkening to the lovelorn youth,
May note the elasticity of truth
As its propels the little archer's shaft,—
(Extravagance is part of CUPID'S craft)
She often must detect it, ne'ertheless,
It rarely prompts her not to acquiesce.
'T is him she loves, and not his protests hearty :
With us, 't is not the platform, but the party.

The platform upon which MUG was elected
Was queerly put together : it affected
To be a certain cure for every ill
Municipal, betraying craft and shrill
In those who had a hand in the prescription.
MUG must have known the motives of deception
Inspiring it, although he spoke no word
Until the lime had trapped the unwary bird.
He must have known that the platform admitted
Of various constructions,—that 't was fitted
For temporary pleasure, as it were,
Yet he must needs be sole interpreter.

Now he who for the public welfare labors,
Must never try to think for all his neighbors,

Or soon he 'll find himself upon the shelf :
Our neighbor likes to think a bit himself.
To think for him is idle recreation,
Unless we call him in for consultation.
Yet MUG professed to read his neighbor's mind,
Feeling that like himself he was inclined
In favor of the entire abolition
Of party lines (which beautiful condition
Will always be a theory, I ween).
After the election shifting of the scene,
He had the nerve to score "the vile machine"
And "party bosses" who had won his fight.
The people (who, he said, were always right)
Were sick and tired of them and they must go !
How MUG discovered this I do not know,
But I suspect the papers that he read,
By English aliens were edited.
We have a number of such journals here,
Whose daily function is to carp and sneer
At native institutions. They delight
To show their teeth, and snap—they dare not bite.
They claim our patronage, yet represent
A supercilious British element,—
An ulra-cultured, egotistic few,
That sees but wrong in everything we do.
With imperturbability of logs,

They tell us we are ignorant as hogs !
I think we are,—I know I am for one
For lately I read, in the NEVERSET SUN,
That we were but a mere experiment.
(By "we" I mean our form of government.)
Now here was knowledge—news, I do declare,
Of which I was not previously aware !
After so many years, for me to find
That I,—that we, to benefit mankind,
Had only, merely, been on exhibition,
Playing at government !—that our condition
Was but a theory of dreamy men
Like JEFFERSON ! (I must lay down the pen,
That I may give free exit to my merriment.)
Say, BULL, old boy ! how d'ye like the experiment ?—
And how much longer must we keep it going
To show you (if conviction lies in showing)
That it has been a marvellous success ?
If you had your way, though, I rather guess
It would n't be—and I am good at "guessin'."
You tried to spoil our little object-lesson
More times than once,—you did that—and, by gosh,
Almighty hemlock ! we 'll eternally splosh
All over you the next time that you try !
Our eagle bird on you has got her eye :—
Look out for her, or there 'll be certain slaughter !

For though you say blood is thicker than water,
And try to flatter us by claiming kin,
We think your blood is miserably thin !

And so I feel that MUG was led astray
By those vile sheets which print, day after day,
Column on column of vituperation,
Lies and contemptible insinuation
Against our party leaders—chief of all,
Against the conquering braves of TAMMANY HALL.
MUG read them all religiously, and swore
That TAMMANY or its methods could no more
Be countenanced by self-respecting men !
Too long, indeed, MUDAREA had been
The prey of politicians and machines !
Providence had ordained him as the means
Of reformation ! Bosses he 'd defy !
Henceforth no local tigers need apply
For office ; while the dreaded axe must fall
On those who cottoned to the hated Hall !

O TAMMANY ! though bigots thee berate,
And canting hypocrites calumniate,—
Though baffled partisans, in their despair
And petulance, denounce thee as unfair,—
Though self-appointed prophets of reform

Lament thy wickedness in periods warm,
And represent thee as that savage beast
That preys on human beings in the East,
Still can I clasp thy metaphoric claws,—
Still can I place my head within those jaws,
Without a thought of fear, and sink to rest
Like the tired babe upon its mother's breast !—
Still do I put my earthly trust in thee,
The bulwark of our straight democracy !
Full well I know thou art not sinless quite ;—
It is not my desire to paint thee white,
Nor daub away each dark offending spot :
Thou hast thy faults, as which of us has not ?
But when the good and evil I compare,—
When I recall and weigh thy virtues rare,
The evil dwindles to a venial speck,
And my enthusiasm strains its check :
Stand up, old tiger ! rise and stretch your length !
Let friends and foes observe your size and strength !
Emit a roar, and paw the trembling ground,
While cravens hush and shudder at the sound !

O democrats,—wherever be your state,
From bleak MOUNT DESERT to the GOLDEN GATE,
From LAKE SUPERIOR to the RIO GRANDE,—
Give me a moment of your ears, command :

Know that the men who vote in TAMMANY HALL
Are not a host of sinners past recall,
Nor ignorant, uneducated wights
Who blindly mass, and misapply their rights ;
Know that there ranges in the tiger's den,
A band of busy, brainy, honest men
Who voice the views of those they represent,
Though plausible minorities lament.
Ye fiery voters of the BLUE GRASS STATE,
Who take democracy and Bourbon straight,
Know that the democrats of old NEW YORK
Excuse no deviation from the chalk.
Know, too, ye voters of the South and West,
That when democracy is sorely pressed,—
When her fair flag is pointed at with scorn,
Reviled, insulted, spat upon, and torn,—
When faint friends, deserting, predict its fall,
'T is still waved on high o'er TAMMANY HALL !
And may those colors ever meet the eye,
Above thy wigwam ! May they e'er defy
The storm, when skies political grow black !
And when the storm has passed, and, in its track
Wreck-strewn, we stand and gaze with timid eye,
May we still see, looming through the eastern sky,
Those same old colors, like the arch of promise,
Telling each foe and democratic Thomas

That spite of tidal waves and hurricanes,
Democracy's dear god still lives and reigns!

My story, as you 'll note, is on a siding:
Thinking there might be danger of colliding
The narrative with wildcat trains of thought,
I switched it, as a prudent trainman ought,
And gave apostrophes the right of way.
Now that the track is clear, I think I may
Move onward with my tale;—but ere I do,
Reader, let me apologize to you
For my undignified display of spleen!
To think that I, professing humor keen
And a cold, calm, judicial frame of mind,
Should commit sins of the very same kind
That I condemn! Vituperation, too—
That I despise the most—'t will never do!
That is indeed the weapon of a scrub!
Dear sir, if I have struck you with a club,
'T was not intentional—upon my life!—
The fact is, I forgot I had a knife.

Mug's course drew some admirers, it is true,
A theoretic, parasitic few,

Who to his vague, La Manchean notions warmed,
Seeing but good in all that he performed.
When the bad board of aldermen refused
Their seal to MUG's appointments, he abused
Their acts and motives in an open letter,
Counselling them in future to do better.
He then sent in the same old list of names,
But they, regardless of his sacred aims,
Once more rejected them with prompt disdain :
MUG, nothing daunted, sent them in again.
These acts inspired his echoes to declare
That ne'er before was seen such courage rare,
Such fearless, firm, and rugged honesty,—
Singing his fame in wild idolatry.
'T was well they first established his divinity,
Or some might term it rugged asininity.

By this, indulgent reader, you 'll discern
That whichsoever way MUG's steps would turn,
That way, worn righteous by his sacred feet,
Became the path of duty. I repeat
That MUG's admirers thought him always right,
And hailed his every action with delight ;
Therefore I thought it inconsistent quite
That when their idol died, his swift removal
Did not entirely meet with their approval.

O Reader, my abruptness pray excuse,
Though I to ghastly splinters break the news,
The fact is—and it cannot be denied—
That MUG one day got sick, grew worse, and *died!*
Died in his prime—the apex of his glory!
(His death by no means finishes the story.)
Yes, true it is, ere he six months had ruled,
Death grasped him, and with icy fingers cooled
The fever of ambition and reform
That kept the current of his life-blood warm.

When the news came to JACK that MUG was dead,
Not one small tear of sorrow did he shed.
It shocked him—to be sure—gave him a start,
But grated on his nerves more than his heart.
It made him peevish, surly for the day;
He swore at everything that crossed his way.
Returning home that night, such was his wrath,
That LAZARUS happening to block his path,
He kicked and thrust him out into the yard,
Where the grim bulldog kept a sullen guard.
Fearful of what the world might say or do,
He went that night his brother's corpse to view.
It might as well have been a stick or stone
That JACK beheld: no sigh, no tear, no moan,

Escaped him as he gazed upon the dead ;—
His heart was sealed, pity and love had fled !

Next morning, when to breakfast JACK came down,
Greeting the cook with an uncalled-for frown,
She pointed to an object on the floor,
Spattered with mud and clotted streaks of gore.—
What was it ?—LAZARUS ? Alas, 't was he !
But not as he of old was wont to be :—
The gentle, playful LAZARUS was no more,
For there he lay upon the kitchen floor,
Stiffened and still in death. His glossy coat,
Which visitors did oft, admiring, note,
Which vied the ravens in its ebony,
The seals in its besilkened brilliancy,
Was dull and ruffled in the dews of death.
JACK marked the changes wrought with bated breath :
The eyes dilated to unwonted size,—
Those piteous, accusing, pleading eyes !—
As if an anguished soul within did glow
And asked, why does GOD'S creature suffer so ?
And then he thought how, on the previous night,
He, in his undiscriminating spite,
Had mercilessly struck a helpless beast,—
His Maker's handiwork—and not the least ;—
How he had spurned and thrust him from his way,

And left him to the savage dog a prey.
All this his heavy conscience reproduced,
When—lo ! the valve of tears was lifted, loosed,
And the hot tears came trickling from his eyes,
Which angels cherish, and strong men despise.

Yes, he who looked unmoved upon the dead
Lineaments of his brother,—he who read
Death's warrant on the countenance of man,
Without a pang,—whose eyes in death did scan
God's image, and that image his own brother,—
His flesh and blood, both born of the same mother,
Was touched at last by a poor brute deceased—
A soulful man bewailed a soulless beast !

Whate'er he did that day, where'er he went,
Bitter remorse, resisting banishment,
Attended him ; where'er he gazed, those eyes,
That even in death did plead and agonize,
Confronted him ; and a black bird of woe
Perched at his heart—and pecked—and would not go.
If it could be so, what would he not give
In order that poor LAZARUS might live !
For never was his spirit troubled so
In all his life's experience ; but no !—
He had his chance, and now that chance was gone ;

The cards of opportunity were drawn.
Death's clock may lag, but when the hour of fate
Does sound, its very echo moans "Too late!"

Next morning, with funereal frame of face
And heavy heart, JACKSONIUS took his place
Among the mourners at his brother's bier.
Reader, take leave of JACK for good right here.
But what of MUG?—Shall we desert him? Nay;
Let us with his unconquered spirit stray
About the borders of that other world
Where fancy's flag forever is unfurled.

Let us to FAIRY-CLOUDY-LAND away!—
Perhaps, in our excursion there, we may
Encounter with the OBERON or PUCK
Who, playfully or envious of our luck,
In an unguarded and unhappy hour,
Sprinkled with baneful juice of some fell flower
Our fair COLUMBIA'S eyelids! Let 's away!—
Who knows but that by meeting them we may
Obtain from them the precious antidote
That will enable her to sanely note
The long-eared animal she now embraces?
And should our PEGASUS kick o'er the traces,
As we essay to cross the heavenly plain,

Precipitating us to earth again ;
Like stars that shoot at night adown the skies,
Our falling may attract toward us eyes
That never would have noticed us were we
Perched up aloft in humdrum fixity.

BOOK III.—HEAVEN.

FOREVER famous and most worthy nine !
Favorites of the Muses (and of mine),
Although long since departed from this sphere :
Well is it for you now, you cannot hear
The wight with tinkling banjo who aspires
To wake the music of your matchless lyres !
Oh, would that I could steal a string from each !—
I 'd have a compass then beyond the reach
Of mortal singer ; or, if so disposed,
A cat-o'-nine-tails in my hand enclosed,
With which, as boys their tops with lash coerce,
I 'd whip in line and guide the universe.

Think not 't is of the Heliconian Nine
I sing ; although acquaintances of mine,
And ladies every one for aught I know,
Poets have bowled them over long ago
With plausible address and invocation,
Begging of them the alms of inspiration.
I have in mind an arbitrary nine,
Poets who are elected friends of mine ;

(That they are also friends of yours, I hope)
Viz., SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE,
GOLDSMITH, BYRON, SHELLEY and KEATS—that 's all!
They are my chosen friends, and have the call.
Though there are others who have power to please,
They 're not good company to me as these.
If you 've acquired a thirst that craves to drink
From wells of inspiration, these, I think,
Will give more satisfaction than the wells
Round which the MUSES cast their fabled spells.
Some readers may find fault with these selections,
And interpose to some of them objections:
I will not argue their superiority;—
I place them first upon my own authority,
Although one-half the critic world maintains
That POPE was not a poet for his pains.

If I believed that this assorted nine
Could hear a prayer, and would give ear to mine,
Modesty would not color my demands
For gifts now lying idle on their hands.
The charm of honeyed, quaint versification,
I 'd crave of SPENSER, and imagination
That never ebbs; of SHAKESPEARE I would claim
That versatility which makes his name
Preëminent; of MILTON I would ask

The patience to pursue my lengthy task
With diction learned, forcible and grand ;
Dryden should grant to me his great command
Of metric reasoning—his logic terse
Which clinches arguments with every verse ;
While Pope, that good mechanic, might assign
His nicely-balanced, antithetic line
To me, forgetting not his stately levity
Which aims at fools, and kills with polished brevity ;
Of Goldsmith I would beg his power to please,
His simple grace, lucidity and ease ;
Byron, his liver, might on me bestow,
His rhetoric, and lexicon of woe ;
While Shelley, that untamed, impulsive child
Whose genius gleams 'mid speculations wild,
Might will me his pure, intellectual cast,
And his ethereal imagery ; and last,
But never least, young Keats, if supplicated,
Might yield me his perception permeated
By that rich sense of beauty which obtains
Our sympathy :—these are the glorious strains
That I would wake, could supplication wake them !
Prayers I would make, if I knew where to make them.

Of course, when I this galaxy declare
The finest company, you are aware

That 't is to their creations I refer :
As men, I would not care to meet them or
Have aught to do with them—except—say three,
Whose fame has not the greater brilliancy.
The three that I except are, GOLDSMITH, POPE,
And DRYDEN,—these I think within the scope
Of comradeship,—whom I would gladly meet
And mix with in assimilation sweet.
SHAKESPEARE might be a social fellow, too,—
Yet I 'm afraid he 'd bunco me. With blue,
Severe, God-humanizing MILTON, I
Could never be at ease, although I 'd try
To show more toleration than my guest.
Poets are an eccentric lot at best.

A bump professor once examined me,—
That is, he felt my cranium to see
What I was good for—if for anything—
While friends stood waiting for an opening
To chaff me on its sterile hills and vales.
" This man," said the professor, " may tell tales,
But he is not a poet!" [Great surprise.]
Yet he was right, though some thought otherwise ;
And it is chiefly to convince these few
That the professor's words were but too true
That I attempt to weave this tale in rhyme.

"You lack," continued he, "the spark sublime.
Although your conscientiousness is great,
You have no reverence." Here a debate
Ensued between us, as I did protest,
Deeming myself as reverent as the best.
"By that," said he, smoothing me as it were,
"I mean you 're not a hero-worshipper."
This tickled me, and I resumed my smile.
Yes, by the bones of that old crank CARLYLE!
I never shall be led to worship clay
Because it covers genius for a day!
The gentle preacher of the saving creed
Despises not the doer, but the deed,
And Christians all agree with him: so I,
When raised to admiration, but descry
The deed, which overshadows quite the doer.
If genius wants to wallow in the sewer,
Or revel in raisings of the Deuce,
I can't allow or frame for him excuse.
It sickens me at times when people prate
Of saintliness in the but mortal great.
Of course the genius leads a model life;
He never tries to steal his neighbor's wife;
He never drinks too much for him, you know!—
His drunken falls are due to vertigo.
Then there 's a class that strives to imitate

The very errors of the elected great,—
Persons who have been schooled for years to write,
But having naught to say but what is trite,
Regale us with their talks on writers gone,
And speculations all too finely drawn.
Of course the poet has in every word
A meaning subtler than the common herd
Discerns in it ;—and yet in many a case
He means no more nor less than what he says.
And I will wager that the latter view
Is oftener the correct one of the two.
When inspiration courses down their spines,
At times, these blacksmiths forge some fiery lines,
Which have the value of a row of naughts.
Sifting the cinders of a great man's thoughts,
They try to gather up enough of fuel
To start a fire.—Perhaps the thought is cruel,
Yet—why did not my predecessor, DANTE,
Reserve a place in HELL for dilettanti ?

I now observe that I grow inconsistent,
Let 's quit these diatribes, and fly to distant
Celestial climes, where grandeur waits on glory !
In short, let 's patch the cable of our story !

If mortal man had vision that could probe
The misty regions that surround our globe,—
If so improved his feeble eyesight were
That he could clearly see what now is blur—
The winking stars that try to flirt with us,
The comets waving kerchiefs nebulous,—
If ever there were man with such an eye,
He might upon a certain morn descry,
Faintly outlined against the zenith's blue
And gradually disappearing through,
A winged being which his tongue would term
An angel. Aye, and I will here confirm
The soundness of his judgment and perception,
Though angels truly baffle all description!
It was a heavenly spirit, winging its way
Beyond the twilight borders of our day,—
It was the Guardian Angel of MUGWUMPUS,
Bound for that world to which the Christian's compass
Must ever point; and in his arms he carried
MUGWUMPUS' self, him who had lately tarried
Upon a wicked world they now were leaving.
If any of MUG's worldly friends were grieving
O'er his departure, they would dry their tears
To see him thus cruising among the spheres,
Clad only in a simple robe of white,
Like that which he was wont to don at night,

The angel guiding and protecting him
Amid the dazzling universal swim.

Anticipating that some reader may
Inquire why heavenward they took their way
Instead of downward, let me here condone
The Angel's course, for he himself would own
If pressed for reasons that he could not tell.
Hitherto he had gone direct to HELL
With doubtful charges when their threads were severed,
But in the present instance he had wavered,
For such a puzzling customer he had—
At times he thought him good, at others, bad.
So he decided that he would, in short,
Bring MUG to trial at the upper court ;—
For be it known, tribunals there are two,
An upper and a lower,—yet they do
A brisker business at the lower place,
Though " Guilty " is the plea in every case.
It was the Angel's dear prerogative,
A judgment somewhat cursory to give,
As would a coroner ; and like a book,
You 'd read his verdict by the course he took :
If toward the upper realms, 't were not amiss
To think his charge a candidate for bliss.
Thus in the present case you may be sure

He had his reasons, howsoever poor,
For bringing MUG before the higher bar:
If he had judged him wrong, 't were better far
To err on mercy's side. It were not strange
If in the trip he also sought a change;
For sad to tell, the interval was great
Since he had journeyed last to HEAVEN's gate.

Although the Angel entertained a doubt,
Suggesting he should turn right-face-about,
Allow me to remark that MUG had none:
He saw but good in all that he had done;
Untroubled by misgivings or remorse,
He questioned not the wisdom of their course;
Felt certain HEAVEN was his destination;
That he was surely singled for salvation.
In consequence, the visors of his eyes
Were somewhat elevated in surprise,
When he was told that though to HEAVEN's gate
Their journey was, they were to halt and wait
Outside the portals till his case was tried.
When the good Angel told him this, he sighed,
Inquired about the court and its locality,
Presumed that it was but a mere formality.

As they proceeded to their goal on high,
Steering from star to star athwart the sky,

The Angel found he had an extra task
Answering questions that his charge would ask :
For MUG was curious, and wished to know
The names of things, and why such things were so.
Whene'er they passed a planet or a comet,
He, questioning, squeezed its very essence from it.
Then he would mount from questions to conjecture
The secret of aerial architecture,
And other subjects far beyond man's latitude.
If Christians e'er desire a ninth beatitude,
I offer from the wealth of my suggestions,
Blessed are they who never ask us questions.

Accumulating information vast
About the scenery through which they passed,
MUG, daring somewhat to anticipate,
Inquired of things within SAINT PETER'S gate :
" How are affairs conducted there ? " said he ;
" On earth they told me 't was a monarchy,
And I would fain believe such is the case."
" Aye," said his guide, " and 't is the only place
Where monarchy meets with complete success ! "
To this MUG would not wholly acquiesce.

" Ah, by the way," said MUG, " you have, I hope,
Oft heard those stately lines of poet POPE,
' Order is Heaven's first law, and this confessed,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.'
I know that this is no inspired effusion,
Perhaps I draw from it a wrong conclusion,
Yet I infer that HEAVEN on all occasions
Adheres to civil service regulations ;
And it has cheered me oft on earth to feel
That HEAVEN at least their virtue would reveal."
"Yes," said the Angel, "you are partly right :
There are such rules in which the blest delight
And follow to the word ; but, truth to tell,
They 've also civil service rules in HELL,
Strictly administered ; an innovation
Were welcome there that savored of rotation."

MUG then subsided in a study brown.
Of a sudden he feels himself sink down !
Down, down, they drop—he and his angel guide ;
Thick clouds envelop them on every side ;
Through these they burst—when lo ! comes a surprise :
A laughing landscape—earth—beneath them lies !
But not our earth ! As with retarded motion
They sink, MUG sees what seems to be an ocean
Lazily lapping on a verdant shore.
They light beside this ocean, and before
MUG speaks, anticipatingly is given
The Angel's answer, "This is LITTLE HEAVEN !"

With his feet resting once again on earth,
(Of which he had begun to feel the dearth)
MUG gazed at first upon the silent sea,
Breathing of awe in its immensity ;
Then, turning from its waste of waters green,
His eye encountered a more pleasing scene :
Upon the left, a forest checked the view,
Down to the water's edge the tall trees grew ;
Upon the right, but quite a piece away,
Another host of trees stood in array ;
But straight before, green meadows filled the view,
Extending inward for a mile or two,
To where a wooded mount abruptly rose
And of this natural avenue marked the close.
How high this mountain was MUG could not see :
It pierced the clouds, such glorious clouds as he
Ne'er saw the like before—so pure, so white,
So luminous, they seemed the source of light.
Upon a line parallel with the beach,
To right and left, far as the eye could reach,
This barrier impregnable extended,
Its parapets with milky vapors blended.

" Seest thou yon mountain ? " said the angel guide ;
" Know then, the country on the farther side
Is HEAVEN,—and this avenue brings us straight

To PETER'S tunnel with its fateful gate.
That is the only access ; none can scale
The mountain ; let a climber but inhale
The incense which flows o'er and down its side,
And he would fall as fell the hosts of pride.
Prepare to walk with me now to the gate :
There, as I think I told you, we await
The session of the upper court which meets
Within a week or two. Enjoy the sweets
Of LITTLE HEAVEN till your case is tried,
For it may be you ne'er shall pass inside."

This morbid doubt, MUG reasoned to be groundless.
His confidence in future bliss was boundless,
Though on the point he did not care to talk.
Seeing the Angel was prepared to walk,
He lazily inquired, "Why can't we fly ?"
"'T is written," said the Angel, in reply,
"The wings in LITTLE HEAVEN shall be at rest.
The soulless bird soars only to its nest."
MUG said no more but took the Angel's hand,
Prepared to foot it to the promised land.

A field of dandelions before them waved,
Through which they walked into another paved
With daisies, which the Scottish bard admired ;

Then came they to another field attired
In golden buttercups, by whose bright bells
Held 'neath his playmate's chin the urchin tells
Whether he loves the dairy's joy or no ;
Through these with steps irregular and slow
They swished, reaching a pathway fairly wide,
Marked off by banks of flowers on either side.
The Angel's eye dilated and grew gay
As through this scented lane they sniffed their way,
For blooms were there of every hue and clime.
To name them all would take up too much time,
And yet I must give honorable mention
To just a few if you can stand the tension.
First, there were bushes hung with delicate tassels,
The fragile cornerstones of young love's castles,
Lilacs—that fill the nostril and the eye,
Whose varying tints the painter's brush defy.
Pinks and carnations, marigolds and lilies
Next met the eye ; and English daffodillies
That WORDSWORTH saw, whose glowing golden cheer
Melts through the snow and liberates the year.
Though emblematic of love unreturned,
Great SHAKESPEARE loved them and in them discerned
The friend that doth perennially cling.
Primroses, eldest children of the spring,
Meek floral invalids, stood trembling by,

Too modest to attract the hasty eye.
Then there were azure-tinted periwinkles,
With whose rich verdure Nature hides her wrinkles;
Anemones, like fleecy western clouds
Edged by the sun ere the horizon shrouds
His countenance ; and timid violets
Which Nature's Jeweller so deeply sets.
Then there were roses—red, yellow, and white,
Whose beauty would attract an anchorite,—
Whose scent assimilating with their beauty
Would tempt him to forsake the path of duty
Did roses skirt the broad divergent path.
No other flower of the garden hath
The beauty of the rose ; small wonder then
The nightingale, wanting the wit of men,
Is smitten so by nature's fairest flower
That he goes daft with joy, and by the hour
Pours out to her his love-enfrenzied plaint.
Forget-me-nots came after, redolent
Of blue tradition ; and tall tuberoses
Reached out and breathed into their very noses.
Tulips, those tiny vases of the dew,
Odorless, but uniting every hue
Conceived of nature, also greeted them,
Such as of old would coronets begem ;
And lilies of the vale, with snowy bells,

Playing at hide-and-seek in scented dells
Of verdure. Pink geraniums were by,
With pencilled leaves of delicate tracery;
And dewy morning-glories opened wide,
By berry bushes flanked and fortified.
I cannot say that MUG was charmed by these;
His was a nature difficult to please.
Duty, not beauty, over him had power;
To him a flower simply was a flower.
Thus when the Angel, with a natural piety,
Gave thanks for their profusion and variety,
MUG stared and felt himself constrained to say:
"It disappoints me much to see the way,
Extravagant, disordered,—don't you know!—
In which these flowers are allowed to grow,
For all the world as in my native sphere.
I hoped to find some reformation here,—
Some standard flower embodying the part
Pre-eminent of each, by heavenly art
Compounded, thus destroying this confusion.
A mere suggestion,—pardon the allusion!"

The Angel gave no answer, simply sighed;
Perhaps heard not, being preoccupied
By luscious melons scattered o'er the patch
They then were passing,—melons that would match

In hue the fruit of the HESPERIDES.
MUG tripped o'er one and fell upon his knees.

Crossing the melon patch they passed into
An orchard. Peaches on the first trees grew—
Beauties with crimson cheeks and yellow hair
That farmers worship down in DELAWARE.
And then came apple trees, whose rugged arms
Reach out and bare their plenitude of charms
To northern farmers when the autumn wears ;
Then, branches hung with ropes of russet pears,
Like sleigh-bells, though the music of their sway
Fails to vibrate the tympanum of clay.
Then cherry trees stood out along the route,
Laden with clusters of thick-blooded fruit ;
And then came plum trees, weighted to subjection
With globes of rich Creolian complexion.
And then they passed into an orange grove,—
And, oh ! such oranges ! The Angel strove
To let not his emotions strong betray him,
But, failing, broke into a brief *Te Deum.*

Of this expression MUG could but approve,
Although he wondered why such sights should move
An angel—one who was of heavenly birth.
"Why these are but the fruits we have on earth,"

Said he, "although I see not the banana.
Pray tell me have you trees here bearing manna
I read of in the Bible? I presumed
That would be the chief staple here consumed,—
The luxury as well, which would preclude
Desire or need for any other food!"
The Angel answered only with his eyes,—
What they expressed, at best is but surmise.

Out of the orange grove they passed into
A forest grove. Taller and closer grew
The trees that high above them interlaced
And roofed their path, showing a Gothic taste
In nature through her temples. (Shades of BRYANT!)
There grew the oak, ponderous, defiant;
The rugged, creaking elm; the sighing pine;
The hemlock coarse; the walnut, hard and fine;
The silver-coated birch; the maple sappy;
The willow weeping, with her brother happy
(Perhaps?); the ash; the cedar, famed of yore;
The nervous poplar; the tall sycamore;
The butternut, the chestnut, and the beech;
Besides the numerous progeny of each.

And when advanced into the wood they heard
A joyful welcome given: every bird

That had a voice prepared to use it then.
The mocking-bird, the bobolink, the wren,
The nightingale in song aud story glorious,
Started a greeting that became uproarious :
For robins, larks, and orioles joined in,
Whistling their loudest to increase the din.
Then there were yellow-birds, chewinks, and chats,
Sparrows, unengaged at the time in spats,
Vireos and finches, thrushes and linnets,
And others not recorded in my minutes,
Who took the cue to assert their vocal rights,
And shrilly added their melodious mites.

"Good gracious ! what a discord ! such a noise ! "
Said MUG ; "it quite upsets my equipoise.
Ah ! tell me do I hear not over all,
Clear and precise, the plaintive cuckoo call ? "
"No," said the Angel, swallowing a sneer ;
"You are deceived—there are no cuckoos here.
It is the jolly mocking-bird, I trow,
Grown reminiscent of the world below ;
Though why his present humor turns that way,
Suggesting such a song, I cannot say."
"Alas, alas ! " said MUG, in tones dejected ;
"Again I am surprised, for I expected
That in this upper world I 'd have the pleasure

Of hearing bird songs in which proper measure
Entered, giving the semblance of a tune ;
Not as on earth, affected by the moon,
Their register untamed, insane, disjointed !
I must confess that I am disappointed."

The Angel felt himself constrained to speak ;
Said he, " The wonders which you vainly seek,—
The grand improvements on the world below,
Are all here, whether you see them or no.
Your method is at fault : you should begin
By gazing not without you, but within."
Ere these remarks into debate expanded,
MUG's gaze and whole attention were demanded
By other objects, for the grove had ended.
Before them was a clearing which extended
To where the wooded mount abruptly heaved ;
Just at its base MUG saw what he believed
At first to be a cemetery vault
(The eye will sugar oft mistake for salt),
But which was in reality the gate
(PETER'S) upon whose hinges hangs our fate.

A spacious house loomed up upon the right ;
Verandas all around it which invite
The summer traveller ; and, at its side,

A smaller house—a lodge (as schooners ride
With a small boat in tow). "Hello!" said MUG,
"What have we here? Well this looks rather snug!"
"That is the HEAVENLY INN," his guide replied,
"Where you must tarry till your case is tried.
No doubt you 'll find some fellow-waiters there—
'T is strange there 's none outside! Perhaps the fare—
Their dinner, occupies them just at present;—
For they eat here, and the menu is pleasant!
That little house is PETER'S; he dwells there.
He is the governor, the boss, the mayor:
Supplied is he with powers of removal,
To expel those who have not his approval.
There 's not a soul about that I can see—
I wonder where good BONIFACE can be?"

Even as he spoke a white-robed form was seen
On the veranda. "That is he I ween!"
The Angel whispered quickly. "Fare thee well!
I leave you. Why? 'T were cruelty to tell!
I think 't were best my face they should not see,—
Best let them guess at my identity.
I meant to call on PETER, but I sha'n't;
When you encounter him, beware of cant!
Go forward now and make your presence known.
Adieu!" MUG turned, and found himself alone.

Surprised somewhat, MUG did as he was coached,
Courageously and solemnly approached
The INN. Good BONIFACE (for it was he
Who stood without the door) was quick to see
And note a new arrival. He descended
The steps to meet him, with his arms extended,
Giving his guest a brotherly embrace,
Besides a hearty welcome to the place.
Dinner was just begun ;—should MUG so say,
He would be led to table right away ?

Although bewildered by his hospitality,
MUG felt an emptiness in that locality
Where lurks the man denominated inner :
He quickly signified his bent for dinner.
His host approval smiled, brought him inside,
With water, soap, and towel him supplied ;
Then, after helping him to brush his gown,
To dinner led him in and sat him down.

'T was a long table at which MUG was placep ;
The food was plentiful and fair to taste.
The other diners (there were ten or more,
Attired in gowns like that our hero wore)
Favored him with a short inquiring stare,
As he was being seated in his chair,

And then relapsed into their conversation,
Which shortly dwindled into an oration
By one who seemed to be the leading spirit.
Though seated at a distance MUG could hear it.—
" Now understand me," said the orator,
Colloquially didactive, as it were,
Philosophizing to a heavenly school,
" I do not say majority *should* rule,
I say it *must* rule ; and when it does not,
Search for the failure and you 'll find a blot
Of ignorance lying upon the minds
Of those composing it,—a blot that blinds
Their reason so they know not their own might.
If the caged lion (the example 's trite)
But knew the power that within him lay,
How soon the feeble bars were burst away
That compassed him ! I plead for education
For all men, no matter what their station,
That they may know their strength and estimate
The strength of others ; so that in debate
The liar shall be driven back to facts,
And words shall never current pass for acts."

" But," said a listener, " friend MAHONIUS,
Though your conclusion may not be erroneous,
'T is not so rosy as you represent.

Have you considered well the discontent
That would result from wholesale education?
Who then would choose the lowlier vocation?
Who then would wield the shovels, trowels, planes?
Hands must be used, you know, as well as brains."

"Why, as for that," MAHONIUS replied,
"Good education also shall provide.
Man then will know the dignity of labor;
And if he should be envious of a neighbor
Engaged in a professional pursuit,
And a like field of labor prosecute,
Manual labor would be in demand,
Its wages higher—tempting. If the hand
Reaps a recompense greater than the brain,
Pride, true or foolish, never will restrain
A man from using it. This, you will see,
Is true political economy.
For my part I could never reason straight
Why he whose business is to excavate,
Should be worse off, or need to make apology,
For having an acquaintance with geology."

"Gracious!" remarked a hearer; "I 'll stand pat
On my belief that you 're a Democrat!"

"'T is a strong hand," MAHONIUS replied ;
"I am a Democrat ! And 't is with pride
That I announce myself, here before all,
As a staunch follower of TAMMANY HALL !"

Had a fierce tiger sprung before his eyes,
MUG could not have experienced the surprise
He did on hearing this last declaration.
Bolting his pie (but not his indignation),
He murmured, "Surely something is amiss !
I think SAINT PETER ought to hear of this !"
Although his feelings were with passion stirred,
The words he spoke were only overheard
By a young man who sat upon his right,
Who, turning 'round, exclaimed, "I did n't quite
Arrive at what you said to me ; although
I think 't was something 'PETER ought to know.'
I am his secretary ; if there be
Something you wish to say, you can through me
Communicate to him ; for just at present
He 's taking a nap, and 't would not be pleasant
To interrupt it. Have you news fresh cropped ?"
MUG started in to answer him, but stopped.
"Or if you think your business confidential,"
The secretary said, "'t is not essential
That I should hear it : you can write a letter

And I will carry it—if that be better?"
"I think," said MUG, "the latter plan is best.
I have some news for him, and cannot rest
My conscience till he hears it. If you will
Be kind enough to show me pad and quill,
I 'm sure your time will not be illy spent."
To which the secretary bowed assent.

The dinner being over, MUG withdrew,
Guided by the secretary into
An ante-room with writing-desk supplied.
MUG seized a pen, and with a flourish wide,
His anger giving him strong impetus,
Proceeded to unburden himself thus:
"My Dear SAINT PETER:
"I presume, I fear—
But do you know that there is stopping here
A candidate, MAHONIUS by name,
Who openly avers (so lost to shame
Is he!) his membership in TAMMANY HALL?
Are you aware that decent people call
This institution SATAN'S church on earth?
Are you aware that persons of no birth,
No standing, and no decency comprise it,
And that the better citizens despise it?
Organized for office, on spoils intent,

Its devotees, the baser element,
Will stop at nothing to achieve their ends !
Their methods nauseate ! their zeal offends !
With records odorous—I might say stinking !
They do, alas, violence to right thinking !
I would suggest to you that you expel
This plain intruder,—banish him to HELL,
Where he belongs, ere he creates a rumpus !
Your servant most obedient,
"MUGWUMPUS."

When he had signed and sealed this warning letter,
His conscience was relieved, and felt much better ;
Handing it to the waiting secretary,
He told him that it was important, very !
The secretary gravely bowed his head,
Assuring him his business would be sped
With due despatch,—in fact, that he would see
That MUG received an answer with his tea.
Then, after wishing him a pleasant day,
The secretary hied himself away.

Now MUG had his ideas of propriety.
To cultivate his fellow-guests' society
Would be the first thought of another man ;
But MUG had been constructed on a plan

Unique. Seeing a hammock on the lawn,
He made for it ; and with its network drawn
About his fragile shape, he calmly lay,
Drowsy from the exertions of the day
And the good meal within him stowed away.
Then, though his nose was audible, I trust
He slept the sleep known only to the just.

Saint Peter, too, was in a hammock dozing
Behind his lodge, an arbor round him closing
And shielding him from curious gaze without,
When, plainly hearing some one move about
Within the lodge, he bellowed forth, "Who 's that?"
The secretary, tripping o'er a mat,
Came forward to announce that it was he !
While Peter calmly murmured, "So I see."
The secretary, thinking no time better
Than the live present, handed him the letter,
Which he read over somewhat listlessly.
"Look up for me the signer's pedigree,"
Said Peter, as he gave his keys a shake,
"And have it ready for me when I wake."
The secretary muttered his assent,
Took back the letter, read it o'er, and went
Into the lodge, where pedigrees were kept ;
While Peter calmly settled back, and slept.

Now that I 've put both principals to sleep,
The reader kind, if he awake can keep,
Will help the tide of dialogue to stem,
And please me much by not disturbing them.
Let us proceed like the dramatic chaps
Assuming that two years or more elapse
Between acts, though two hours will do, I think,
And give you ample time to get a drink
If you 're in need of one, while PETER's clerk
Will also have a chance to do his work.

The time is up ! PETER at last awakes,
Relieves the hammock's tension, and betakes
Himself into the lodge. Upon a table
He finds his clerk's report ;—and to enable
The reader plainly to perceive the sense,—
To pigeon-hole the subsequent events,
(Events are often difficult to tether)
Let us all read this document together :

"MUGWUMPUS.

This man is of the *Mugwump* family.
The term, most lexicographers agree,
Is taken from an Indian dialect—
Algonquin is the tongue which they suspect.
' Mugwump ' rendered in English is ' big chief '—

A poor translation, for in my belief,
'Chief' being but a synonym of 'head,'
The latter word should be employed instead,
Thus making it 'big head,' which fits the case,
As Mugwumps are of that abnormal race
Whose craniums are ceaselessly expanding
To a degree surpassing understanding.
The world, brought under Mugwump contemplation,
Is constantly in need of reformation
And reconstruction; and, in making prayers,
They beg of Heaven the contract may be theirs.
Self-justified, they claim to represent
A force they style the 'better' element;
Which by grammarians might be understood
As something better than the merely good.
In action, they dispense with a commander;
Their weapons are vituperation, slander,
Calumny, and illogical deduction.
If genius they have aught, 't is for destruction;
As architects, the fruit of their ability
Is ornament o'erwhelming quite utility.
These are the points, if not the pedigree.
The proximate synonym, Pharisee."

When PETER'S eye arrived at "Pharisee,"
He crunched the paper up convulsively,

And seemed to lose his temper for the nonce.
"Summon this man, MUGWUMPUS, here at once,"
He to the waiting secretary cried;
"I fain would have my foot with him collide!"
The secretary bowed, and rushed away;
While PETER said the rest he had to say
Without an audience: "To think," said he,
"That such a character as this should be
Within my precinct! If my memory 's true
I 've heard before of this self-righteous crew:
They 've stolen one of my prerogatives,
And canonized a person who yet lives"—
Just then he heard the sound of steps outside:
Cutting his speech, the door he opened wide
To see the secretary hastening back,
MUGWUMPUS with him. Seizing from the rack
A large umbrella, he rushed out to meet them,
As if with it he were intent to beat them.
"So this"—SAINT PETER cried—"this is the fellow!
Let me present you, sir, with this umbrella!"
"I 'm sure I 'm glad to meet you," MUG declared;
"Indeed I 'm pleased, delighted to have shared
Your hospitality! But please explain
What this is for?—is it about to rain?"
"You 'll know," SAINT PETER cried, "ere you 're much
older!

Please to turn 'round: there 's chalk upon your
shoulder."
MUGWUMPUS turned, thinking it but a whim,
While PETER backward raised a lower limb :—
Then came the shock ! ! ! (I fain would draw the veil)
Had PETER been a fullback down at YALE,
Undying fame would have been his, I ween,
For such a glorious punt was never seen
By mortal eyes ! Up, up, MUGWUMPUS went,
Like a skyrocket, screaming in ascent ;—
And still upward ; then outward did he swerve,
Beginning on a parabolic curve.
The grove—the orchard—swept beneath his flight—
The field of flowers—and then came into sight
The ocean—yet his speed was not decreased.
Still up and on he moved (as in the east
Rises the sun) with unimpaired momentum,
Such was the force that PETER'S pedal lent him.
At last he feels that he is coming down ;—
Good gracious ! shall he in the ocean drown ?
Ah no, alas !—his present situation
Is past the pale of HEAVEN'S gravitation.
Thus let us leave him, sinking to his doom,
Though later we shall inquiry resume.

Dear reader, let us bid a fond good-bye
To the eccentric paradise which I
Have jestingly and aimlessly created.
(How soon are fancy's frothings dissipated !)
Alas ! I did but dream, as DANTE dreamed,—
As MILTON dreamed, although it may have seemed
That all the while my eyelids were ajar !
I soared—and should have mounted higher far,
For you 'll admit, I think, with ready suavity,
That I 've not MILTON'S weight or sense of gravity,
In hitching up my fancy to a star.
If literary worshippers there are,
Cerberus-like, resenting my intrusion
On worlds their idols range in high seclusion,
Let me suggest there 's room there for us all ;
But should a watchman of religion call
Attention to the careless, flippant way
I touch on sacred themes, perhaps I 'd say
" Guilty,"—and then for clemency would plead.
Forbid that I should ridicule a creed—
The glorious creed that I myself recite !
And if, as it may seem, in manner light
I have portrayed SAINT PETER, I deny
Irreverence, if such my words imply.
Far be it from my thoughts to jest or mock
At him whose faith was likened to a rock !—

The rock secure, of perfect faith symbolic,
On which CHRIST's Church, One, Holy, Apostolic,
And Catholic is built! Foes may assail,
But CHRIST has promised HELL shall not prevail
Against *that* Church ;—forbid, then, I should give
Offence to its prime representative!
If I do err, 't is not with gross intention :
It is the mocking devil in ascension
Within my brain, prompting the ready jest,
Too often listened to, be it confessed.

And now, kind reader, for a breathing spell—
And after that, why—you may go to HELL
With me ; that is, if you 're inclined that way.
As for myself, I 'd much prefer to stay
And loaf a bit. How easily some tire!
I think I 'll bank my poetizing fire.
Were I inclined to figurative grow,
My fancy cold I 'd term a bank of snow ;
My fire poetical would be the sun,
(How egotistic!) which, shining upon
My fancy, melts it down so that it flows ;
Then dries it up—which after action shows
The sun can nullify its previous acts.
Figures can't lie, you know, so these are facts.
I hope that it will snow ere long,—don't you?—

If we intend this story to pursue ;
And, if it chance that HADES freezes over,
That SOL will not remain long under cover.

Why is it that my fancy runs from "banks"
To "nullification," playing sad pranks
With the loose threads of this rhyme-woven history ?
Ah ! Tell it not in Goo Goo,—that 's a mystery ! !
There 's method in my seeming eccentricity :
Take notice with what spurious felicity
I shift, with these ideas as the means,
To him who held the fort at NEW ORLEANS.
Oh, for a man like ANDREW JACKSON now !—
A man of deeds, the wrinkling of whose brow
Would warn all theorizers to beware.—
A man to stand upon his platform square,
With gratitude for his divining rod.—
A people's man, serving but them and God !
And oh, for such a Democrat as he !
Then would our party and professions be
Respected ;—then would free-trade and protection
Extremists have no subject for dissection ;—
Perhaps our land would rescued be from quacks,
Each with his grand supplier of its lacks.—
For, in my view, the trouble with this nation
Is, principally, too much legislation.

Here let me say to every Democrat,
Read up your party's doctrines ; after that,
Read them again ; then think, and come to know
That all who claim to preach them do not so.
The democratic party does not stand
Or strive for free trade ; on the other hand,
It does not raise the wall of high protection :
With either extreme it has no connection.
It recognizes tariffs must be laid
That the expenses of the state be paid ;
And that protection must be incident
Raising these moneys for the government.
Its object in a tariff is to raise
The needed revenue. This is the phase
The subject has to democratic view ;
And though protection may, and does ensue,
'T is not the *object*, but the *incident*.
Read, think, digest, and inwardly assent !
(In sooth, I think Republicans might well
Adopt this doctrine now : for, truth to tell,
They have so swelled the government's expenses
For years to come, they might throw down the
fences ;
While Democrats, obeying dictates plain,
Would only have to set them up again.)

The democratic party does not hold
That you should be a champion of gold ;
Nor does it say that silver be your choice.
When on this question you lift up your voice
(To *argue* it the East is somewhat loth),
Shout not for gold, or silver, but for both !
The democratic doctrine indicates
Strong preference for the sovereignty of States,
And plainly dictates to antagonize
All further efforts made to centralize,
Or take from them their present powers or rights.
The democratic party, through its lights,
Has frugal been, when in administration,
In carrying on the business of the nation :
Thus it has vantage-point when it declares
Economy should enter these affairs.
And lastly, as the name itself apprises,
The democratic party recognizes
The people's right, as well as might, to rule.
Those of my readers who have been to school
Will kindly pardon this didactic strain :
I simply wish to make a few facts plain.
It often takes a student of psychology
To explicate a lawyer's phraseology,—
And then there are such liars in the land

That one can never really understand
These facts too thoroughly. So be consoled
Albeit my matter is a trifle old.

Young man, just starting out in life, look here:
If you in politics would be sincere,
Your place is in the democratic column.
Plutocrats and fogies, well-fed and solemn,
Will warn you and exhort you to beware,
Preaching to you their doctrine of despair—
Distrust in man. Time is an educator;
For while these men thus libel their Creator,
The earth is slipping slowly from their feet.
Some day I 'm sure that all of us will meet
In democratic councils (it was so
In the times, patriotic, of MONROE);
Then, if 't is needful, let us separate
On minor questions only:—let the great,
The humanizing, democratic rules
Be recognized and taught in all our schools!
Let Christians feel when they their Saviour laud,
All men are equal in the sight of God.

BOOK IV.—HELL.

YE stars, that were in session at my birth,
Directing who and what and where on earth
I should be born,—listen to me, I pray !
Tone down, if possible, your roundelay,
And let this planet interject a word,
If only that your creature may be heard !
I shall not say that I 'm dissatisfied :
I am not—for, in truth, you have supplied
More than a reasonable man could ask ;
And I would feel, in taking you to task,
All things considered well, that such an attitude
Assumed by me would be one of ingratitude.
I thank you for my natal land ; my creed,
Religious and political ; the seed
From which I sprang ; and things undesignated,
But obvious, with me incorporated.
But why I ask (if 't is with your consent)
Should I be of the Baser Element ?

This is the question which perplexes me.
In my environments there 's naught I see—
Nothing that could or would or should prevent
My union with the BETTER ELEMENT;
Yet some mysterious authority
Discriminates and says it cannot be—
That I, alas, am barred! Ah, who, I wonder,
Was it that rent these elements asunder,
Which Nature used to interweave in all?
Who is it that asserts a certain hall
Or clique of mortals shall monopolize
The higher qualities, while he denies
To other men a portion of the same,
Consigning them to ignorance and shame?
And why,—though personal the question be,—
Should he hold out, or draw the line, on me?
Ah, kindly stars! how can I be content
When I 'm not of this BETTER ELEMENT?
What do they profit me,—my education,
My love of truth, hatred of affectation,
Appreciation of the beautiful,
Discernment of the consequential dull,
Disinclination to combat with lies
An enemy, reluctance to despise
A fellow mortal who has gone astray
From righteous pathways,—what, oh! what, I say,

Do these light virtues profit—represent,
If I be of the BASER EMEMENT ?

By this time the impatient reader may
Be curious to know why I delay
In the continuation of my tale ;—
Perhaps make bold to ask of what avail
This talk of elements ? Naught, to be sure,
Beyond the fact that in our hero's tour
The elements have entered ;—that is, three
Of them have ; so that all we now require
To finish him will be the fourth one—fire.
This is a faint connection, I 'll admit,—
A hollow joke, and no excuse for it,
Unless I say bad jokes as well as good
Do oft on my impartial brain intrude,
Haunting and teasing me for an expression.
Absolve me, if you will, with this confession.
It is a fault which I in common share
With WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Trifles, light as air
To readers' minds, afford us opportunity
To halt and chaff and quibble with impunity.
Suppose you do abominate a pun :
What 's that to us ? Are we to have no fun ?

Where was it that we left our hero ? Where ?
Was 't it in that baseless element, the air ?

I think it was. Ah, yes! And he was falling!
(My memory works so sluggishly recalling
His situation when we saw him last!)
Yes, he was falling, falling, falling fast!
His mother earth soon spread beneath his view,
Plainly his destination,—then he knew
Why PETER had the parachute supplied.
A mountain high, clouded on every side,
Right under him, was the first thing he saw,—
A mountain high and wide, with a huge maw,—
A crater. With what strength he could recruit,
He slowly opened up the parachute,
As he went hurtling with terrific speed
Into the crater. (This, as 't is agreed
By aëronauts who love the high and breezy,
Is the best way to let a man down easy.)
Inside the crater MUG began to flutter
As do the leaves that drop from tree to gutter.
The sun being barred, of light there was a dearth,
So much so, that when he encountered earth
He could not see a hundred feet away,
As much confused, but still unhurt he lay.

MUG's first concern, as by degrees he sat,
Was, naturally, to learn where he was at.
He guessed that he was on the earth's inside,

For far above, a tiny speck he spied,—
A speck of light piercing the fogs and gloom
Which rolled and shifted through his spacious tomb,—
Which he inferred to be the light of day.
Apart from this, though, there was not a ray
To cheer the darkness that encompassed him:
Black were the borders of the meadow grim
Wherein he sat; the earth was black and dry;
The very grass was black! and, with a sigh,
As black on blackness did his vision fill,
He realized his hopes were blacker still.

While thus in dark perplexity he sat,
He saw what he supposed to be a bat
Winging its way towards him. Larger it grew,
As near and nearer still to him it drew;
And then he saw it was a devil! "Well,"
Said MUG, "I guess I really am in HELL!"
Quite naturally, then, he grew excited.
The devil coming up to him alighted,
And jabbed him gently with a vicious spear,
As he the while into MUG's face did peer.
"Well, where in HELL," said he, "did you come from?"
(Such was his uninverted idiom)
MUG pointed to the speck of light o'erhead.
"Oh! That 's the route you took," the devil said.

"Well, where in the world, then, did you come from?—
Or where beyond the world?" Poor MUG was dumb,
At first, but soon regained his faculty
Of speech. "I came direct to here," said he,
"From LITTLE HEAVEN!"—then went on to tell
His travels, and adventures that befell
His most unhappy self since he had donned
Immortal dress. The devil, who was fond
Of a good thing, to mirth capitulated
When MUG in his most solemn tones related
The way SAINT PETER sped his parting guest.—
"Indeed," concluded MUG, "I must protest
Against the autocratic, one-man power
'Neath which the souls in LITTLE HEAVEN cower,—
Whose slightest word or wish they fear to cross.
SAINT PETER'S nothing other than a boss!"

The devil (by the way, his name was DEUCIFER,
So called, perhaps, because it rhymes with LUCIFER)
Greeted this declaration with a sneer.
"You 'll find," said he, "the folks are bossy here;
More so, I think, than in the place you 've quitted,
And, perhaps, better for the business fitted.
I guess you 'd best get up and come away
With me. Old Nick himself 'll be here to-day
With his lieutenants;—'t is their meeting place.

When he arrives I can submit your case,
And thus the opportunity improve,
Saving myself a trip. Come, get a move ! "

Commanded thus, MUG struggled to his feet,
Mopped off his brow, complained about the heat,
And slowly walked across the meadow sere,
DEUCIFER guiding with pragmatic spear.
When they had walked about a mile or so,
MUG silent and enveloped in his woe,
His guide suddenly cried for him to stop !
MUG raised his eyes and on the ground did drop,
Such was his fear, for he had almost gone
Into a gulf which did before them yawn.

" Unless you wish to plunge into the pit,"
His captor said, " here we had better sit
And wait till SATAN and the rest appear.
'T is almost time, I think, that they were here."
MUG's eyes were boring in the depths below,
Trying to solve their mystery, but no—
Nothing but clouds of vapor could he see,
Rolling, shifting, and blending ceaselessly,
With now and then a phosphorescent glow,
Suggesting fires reflected from below.

"A penny for your thoughts," said DEUCIFER.
"Simply trying to think out where we were,"
Said MUG, "but on my life I cannot tell!"
"This plain," said DEUCIFER, "is UPPER HELL.
HELL proper starts on the next lower level;—
There, most folks having business with the Devil
Are ushered in." MUG became interested:
"Tell me something about it," he requested;
"Did DANTE enter there—the plain below?"
"He did," said DEUCIFER; "were I to throw
A stone into the gulf here, it would land
One minute after it had left my hand,
Upon the plain where dwell the praiseless dead."
"Wonderful!" said MUG. "If I have not read
The poet of profundity in vain,
The river ACHERON flows through that plain,
Dividing off the Pagan unbaptized
From those whom the shrewd poet has surmised
Were neither good nor bad. Am I not right?"
"You are," said DEUCIFER;—"and a fine sight
It was—a sight, indeed, for gods to see!
When these two nations, full of rivalry,
Would come together in athletic games!
The Limbo men could wrestle collar and hames
In great shape—win out every time with ease;
But, when it came to box, the P's and B's

Could give them points. Those were the times, I trow!
I used to be on duty there, you know!"
"Why, I supposed those things were out of date,"
Said MUG. "They 've greatly fallen off of late,"
Said DEUCIFER; "there 's seldom now a game,
For which the P's and B's are much to blame,—
At least that 's how I look at it. You see—
That is, you would if you were there with me,
The P's and B's had much the better grounds
For tournaments. The river marks the bounds
Of the two countries, which necessitated
All Limbo people who participated
In any of their games, or went to view,
To leave their own country and cross into
The milder climate of the P's and B's.
This the Limbonians did for centuries,
Much to the profit of the P's and B's
Who owned and ran the Charon Ferry Line—
Monopolized the ACHERON, in fine—
Charging one cake of soap for transportation.
Soap is their medium for circulation—"
"What 's that?" said MUG, "do they use soap for money?"
"They do," said DEUCIFER, "though it sounds funny.
They have a standard cake, ten to a bar.
The more of soap, the better off you are!"

"Who makes this soap"—said Mug—"coins, as it were?"
"Oh! They have lots of mints," said DEUCIFER.
"With natural facilities for boiling,
You may be sure that nearly all are toiling
To manufacture it. But—to go on:
For ferriage across the ACHERON,
The Limbo folks were charged one cake of soap.
This much I have made clear to you, I hope.
Picture their wrath, then, when this ferry fee
Was one day raised from one cake up to three!
To this extortion they would not submit;
The P's and B's would not come down a bit:
Thus an estrangement was soon consummated,
As Limbo never since participated
In anything the P's and B's would do,
The latter losing all this revenue."
"How strange!" said MUG. "I cannot understand
The motives of the Praiseless-Blameless land
In picking its own pockets as it were?"
"Mainly through ignorance," said DEUCIFER,
"And selfish fear, evolved of wild surmises,
That Limbo folks would capture all the prizes."
"I can't but think," said MUG, "that it is strange
That soap should be their medium of exchange."
"Because they prize it," DEUCIFER replied,

"Above all else, through a peculiar pride :
Thinking uncleanliness obstructs their way
To higher joys, a dozen times a day,
Or more, they wash themselves. Thus they profess
To be approximate to godliness.
Call it remorse, or morbid sensitivity,
At least it is a praiseworthy proclivity."
"I think that I begin to understand,"
Said MUG ; "but do they all use the same brand
Of soap—the standard cake, I think you said ?"
"Well, now !" said DEUCIFER ; "under that head,
Though rational, there sprouts a growing tale :
The yellow soap at present doth prevail,
Having been made by law the standard soap ;
But lately there is oft expressed a hope
That the white soap have recognition too.
The latter has supporters not a few,
Though in the past a source of many troubles,
And generator of financial bubbles.
One cake of yellow soap at present buys
Three or more of white of similar size.—"
"Indeed !" said MUG. "Explain that, if you please !"
"Because it has the cleansing properties,"
Said DEUCIFER, "of three or more of white.
The white soap men have now begun a fight
To give their product a fixed valuation,

So it be not subject to fluctuation.
They hope to have it made a legal tender
Same as the yellow, so that to the lender
Or borrower, or any soapy fellow,
Three whites shall be as potent as one yellow,
If by the law such ratio is decreed."
"Why, that seems fair enough!" said MUG. "Indeed,
The question ought to solve itself with ease!
If the white soap has cleansing properties,
They certainly should merit recognition:
Determine them, and then from that position
Proceed to fix a proper ratio.
With law behind it, who shall say it no?"
"Your view is plausible," said DEUCIFER,
"Reasonable, still that would not deter
Some people here from dubbing it as bosh.
With the Yellow party such views don't wash."
"Oh! Have they parties here?" said MUG. "How strange!"
"Plenty of them," said DEUCIFER; "they range
In all directions, even Woman's Rights.
The great parties are the Yellows and the Whites.
The latter have been jocularly termed
By some 'The Great Unwashed,' though unconfirmed
Is the suspicion which the name implies.
Over their wigwam door, their enemies,

Unseen, one night, placed this inscription queer :
'ALL SOAP ABANDON, YE WHO ENTER HERE !' "
"Why, that must be the sign which DANTE saw,"
Said MUG, "a hitherto unnoticed flaw—
A mote in his reputed perfect vision ?"
"Perhaps !" said DEUCIFER, with dry derision.
"And your suggestion prompts me to infer
That you are a Shakespearian editor,
Or something of the sort, with an ambition
To bury reason under erudition."

Just then they heard the whirr and flap of wings :—
Up from the gulf rose six uncanny things—
Six members of the Hades House of Lords !
I shall not try to picture them with words,
Or trail an ivy on their "ruined glory ;"
If you have seen them reproduced by DORÉ,
You have no use for strokes or dabs by me,
A callow amateur in deviltry.
Risen to the plain, SATAN and his minions
(For such the party was) folded their pinions,
And in a circle sat down by the brink ;
SATAN bestowing an inquiring wink
On DEUCIFER—an ocular request
For information of the latter's guest.
Scenting his humor, DEUCIFER complied—

To SATAN went, and, drawing him aside,
Proceeded in a whispered tone to tell
All that he knew of MUG, and how in HELL
He came to be,—SATAN listening the while,
With his own patented sardonic smile.

Then quickly waving DEUCIFER aside,
And grasping MUG by the shoulder, he cried:
"Gentlemen, let me introduce a friend,
Hoping that you will graciously extend
To him the privileges of the floor!
I know this thing was never done before:
We can't have precedents unless we make them,
Or, having them we're liable to break them.
What harm if he have ear in our debates?
He comes, I'm told, from the UNITED STATES,
And is of the rare Mugwump family:
I think, therefore, to show your courtesy
It would be well, when your reports you make,
To give especial reference, for his sake,
To matters which of late tend to expand
Our influence in his progressing land.
Let him be present here as one of us
While we our past and present plans discuss!"
Thus SATAN closed, also closing an eye:
Vociferous assent was the reply

Of his lieutenants. Then to MUG he said :
"You've heard the welcome that has just been spread
Upon our minutes ? Come and take a seat !"
MUG bowed his thanks, but kept upon his feet,
Feeling the occasion warranted a speech
From him,—a show of oral thanks to each
At least, he thought—but ere he could begin,
SATAN, flooring him with his dexter fin,
Thus interposed : "To business, gentlemen !
Ye who are present of that worthy ten
Who strive to bring the laws of God to shame,—
Ye editors—revisers of the same—
Whose pencils blue assiduously jog
Through the crude writings of the Decalogue,—
Make ready now to offer a report.
Eternity is long—our time is short ;
So please be expeditious in your speech,
And parsimonious of words. Let each
Of you rise in his turn and speak his mind
Of the commandment that's to him assigned.
PRIMUS sends word that he will not be here :
His philosophic labors being severe
In inculcating doctrines deicidal.
Hades be thanked, his idols are not idle !
SECUNDUS, next in order, shall proceed
With his report. Let all of you give heed.

Secundus, who was present, quickly rose,
And, with a bow and flourish grandiose,
Began : " Most Ancient Nicholas and friends,
I still can make report that man offends
Heaven's ear taking his Maker's name in vain—
Still coins his wrath in verbal dies profane.
Having exhausted fields of inebriety,
I've lately worked my way into society :
Ladies fearing, perhaps, the name of prude
Do now make use of interjections rude
Among themselves ; which, I think, augurs well,
For soon the nervous glossary of Hell
Will push itself by its inherent force,
And come in use in general intercourse.
If I were asked to make especial reference
To swearing in America, in deference
To our much-honored guest, I would report
That mortals erstwhile blameless now resort
To virile language to discharge their minds
Of the intense disgust which entrance finds
When Mugwumps get the floor with some new plan
Regenerating politics and man."

" A good report," said Satan,—" brief and sound !"
As bluff Secundus sank upon the ground.
" Cunning and wise, indeed, is your transition

To the rich fields of people of position !
Society is but a woman's game,
Yet women still can lead their lords to shame
(Such is the charm of feminine persuasion),
As Eve did on a critical occasion
Mentioned in the Scriptures, and doubtless true,
For which historians tender me my due.
Poor man !—life is, indeed, a rocky road
To travel since that Eden episode !
With woman just as selfish as of yore,
Eating the apple, giving him the core ;—
Wearing the plumage, handing him the bill ;—
With half his reason, yet with twice his will.
However, that is no concern of ours.
Let Tertius now give witness of his powers."

" Most sooty, sable Mephistopheles,
To whom all dusky crooks must crook their knees,"
Said he addressed as Tertius, slowly rising,
" May 't please your Darkness Dire and those comprising
Our Ways and Means Committee, I report
That Sunday nowadays falls little short
Of Monday, with respect to its observance.
The bulk of Christians, now, have not that fervence
Distinguishing their fathers in the matter.
They go (perhaps) to church, and then they scatter

To places of amusement and abasement
Where liquids with a hundred-care displacement
Can covertly be purchased and enjoyed.
Singers and dancers also are employed
To furnish entertainment for the day;
Under the guise of 'sacred concert' they
Evade the law and make of it a jest.
This, where the law prohibits; in the west
Of the UNITED STATES no law prevents
Such profanation: as a consequence,
Sunday is of all sanctimony swept,
And is unhonored, unobserved, unkept.
Of late I have directed my attention
To those who murmur at the intervention
Of this commandment with respect to work.
Inspired by me, the merchant or the clerk
That 's pressed for time, upon the Sabbath looks
As the best day to overhaul his books.
Conscience suggesting doubts, quickly I bury
Them with the plea that it is necessary.
Reform is now the watchword in the States.
Laws which the 'moral element' dictates
For legislating people into HEAVEN
Are daily passed. Instead of being the leaven,
Reform is now the substance of their bread.
Religion, I confess, is far from dead;

Yet these reformers question its ability,
And turn to earthly laws for man's docility.
On Sunday they insist that man shall thirst,
And—his last state is viler than the first ;—
For drink he will in spite of statutes grim—
In spite of Hawkshaws that encompass him ;
For putting spies on guard at his café
But serves to keep him in there for the day."

" Your words are fair," said SATAN, in comment,
As TERTIUS finished, " though the sense is bent—
Weighted—of dress there is a superfluity.
Think not to jolly us by ambiguity.
Your job 's a sinecure—soft, so to speak,
Having to work but one day in the week.
I would advise that you direct your powers
Upon your business in your leisure hours.
Your mention of the merchant and his clerk
Suggests the possibilities that lurk
In pleasing definitions of the word
'Necessary.' I see the thought 's occurred
To you also ; it is important, very,
When luxuries are oft deemed necessary.
QUARTUS is kept by business of tenacity
From honoring the Father of Mendacity :
Let QUINTUS now proceed our veins to chill
With curdling tales of those who rage and kill."

Said QUINTUS, rising, " May it please your highness,
Your humor is of most delicious dryness.
If Music, heavenly maid, were young again,
I might loll out my tongue, and writhe in pain,
And pose as an epitome of passion :
Villains demonstrative are out of fashion,
And you need no such signs for confirmation,
Or purposes of identification.
Though hideous the preachers represent us,
I still can smile and cease not to be QUINTUS.
Aye, smile and grin until I kill with laughter !
But I kill time—Would it were the hereafter !
In my field business has been brisk of late :
The vent of blood is good, and that of hate
Is unsurpassed—the maximum, perhaps.
Just now a war between the Chinks and Japs
Makes business lively in the wholesale trade ;
Retailers, being nervous and afraid,
Are not so active ; yet—business is good
Beneath the surface, though the wise world would
Have fools imagine that murder will out,
With EUGENE ARAM for their proof, no doubt.
But, sire sagacious, great as is the slaughter
Corporeal, the blood is but as water
Contrasted with the spiritual killing.
A preacher of the gospel now is willing

To scandalize the young and pure of heart
In his mad zeal to have an active part
In doings for municipal reform.
'T is not enough for him in sermons warm
To rail at wickedness in the abstract—
To preach the word of God ; no, he must act—
Throw off his priestly garments for the spy's,
Mix with the vilest sinners, in disguise,—
For what ?—that he may lead them back to grace ?
Or thrust the wrath of Heaven in their face ?
Oh, no :—that he have evidence exact
Of the commission of some sinful act
By worldly laws forbid ; that he may shout
The nauseating facts, and bruit about
Corruption politic ; that he may bring
The sinner to a worldly reckoning ;
That he may voice suspicions of the hour,
And point at politicians holding power,
On whom he places the responsibility
In gospel language seasoned with scurrility.
The under politicians then applaud,
And counsel all to hear the man of God !
The papers daily print his filthy finds,
And serve them up to adolescent minds—
Convert their columns into sewer pipes,
And crystallize corruption in their types.

Religion thus evolves a sleuth-hound piety
Which finds its best reward in notoriety.
O sire, a glorious killing must be ours,
When, in addition to our own stout powers,
Come reinforcements from the enemy !—
A fact, though paradoxical it be.
I lately heard a New York parson preach ;
Municipal reform inspired his speech ;
He thundered at the rulers of the town,
And called on honest men to vote them down.
If words of mind can give an indication,
List to this Christian's loving peroration :
'Rise,' said he, rising in his throaty might,
'Rise up ! and drive these rascals from your sight !
'T is not enough to bring them in subjection,
Bury them beyond hope of resurrection
In this short life, *or in the life to come !*'
And Christians sat and heard him, and were dumb."

Here MUG could not conceal his indignation :
He rose and tried to offer explanation—
Show that the ends in view excused the means,
Religion comprehending not machines ;
But ere he could his views interpolate,
SATAN, flapping his wings, cut off debate,
Sternly requesting MUG to close his head.

The rules of Pandemonium, he said,
Forbade outsiders to participate,
Even to have an ear in a debate :
When they adjourned his speech he could complete.
MUG, silenced but uncrushed, resumed his seat.

Then SATAN said, on QUINTUS' words commenting,
" I don't see any need of our resenting
Assistance from the parsons. Let them rant,
And those who care can muzzle them : we shan't.
Aiding our cause, who cares a continental
Whether the aid 's direct or incidental ?
For us there surely is a good time coming,
When parsons start to set the pace in slumming.
SEXTUS, NONUS, and DECIMUS send word
They cannot come, being, I learn, deterred
By enterprising labors—special brewings.
Let SEPTIMUS relate to us his doings,
Then OCTAVUS can have the final turn ;—
Having a bare quorum we 'll then adjourn."

" Most subtle snatcher of the soul of man,
And fellow-filchers," Septimus began,—
" Speaking of that within my jurisdiction,
Think not that habit ties me down to fiction
When I report the law ' Thou shalt not steal '

Has been amended to ' Thou shalt not squeal ' !
Man still is sordid, covetous, tenacious,
Ever alert for means most efficacious
In rounding up the coy, gregarious dollar.
Yea, whether raised in splendor or in squalor,
Still of the dollar is he in pursuit !
Money, wise worldlings tell us, is the root
Of evil, and—perhaps they speak aright.
An etymologist, if clever, might,
By excavation, trace beyond dispute
Pluto and Plutus to a common root.—"
Here SATAN, clapping wings on his auriculars,
Bade SEPTIMUS to hasten to particulars.
" I 'm getting there," said SEPTIMUS demurely,
" Slowly, as you have counselled oft, but surely.
Of late the main accessions to my ranks
Worthy of note are plunderers of banks—
Bank deficits so frequently occur !
The accused is usually an officer
Or trusted clerk of the wronged institution,—
Which, as you 'll note, records a revolution
From methods fierce. Thieves now are more discreet :
Dark-lanterns they consider obsolete ;
Jimmies, archaic : emulating CUPID,
They laugh at locksmiths and their barriers stupid.
Even the terms have suffered alteration :

Stealing is now ycleped ' misapplication '
By tongues polite, or else ' irregularity.'
The different terms of course imply disparity
In the amounts involved : if it be vast,
Mankind respectfully applys the last.
Then there are chartered thieves — monsters whose maws
Envelop everything, even the laws.
In WALL STREET, where the modern pagans pray—
Kneel to the golden calf,—where all the day,
Lambs, bears, and bulls—" Here SATAN flapped again,
Sharply bidding the speaker to constrain
His talk within the lines of anthropology,
And not to be encroaching on zoölogy.
" Such was not my intent," said SEPTIMUS
Continuing. " You are invidious
In your distinctions, learned autocrat !
The point I wished to make was, simply, that
The folks in WALL STREET call a steal a ' squeeze ; '
And knowing well that illustrations please,—
That the light generated by a fable,
If apposite, will oftentimes enable
The mind to see when reason's taper fails,
I dragged a lamb and bear in by the tails
To give an object-lesson in compression.
'T was not a zoölogical digression ;

I merely wished to show the origin
Of the term 'squeeze.' That 's all ! Now—to begin :—
A bear active encounters a lamb passive ;—
One does n't need an understanding massive
To draw conclusions, or anticipate
The latter quadruped's unhappy fate.
The world, with euphemistic explanation,
Sees in it but a business operation,
Legal, although involving Lamby's ruin.
O rough, prehensile, energetic Bruin !
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would be skip and play ?
Pleased with the sport, he recketh not a button,
But grasps the paw raised to condense his mutton."—
Here SEPTIMUS was ordered by the chair
To take his seat. "You 've had more than your share
Of time," said SATAN, "but you blather on,
Each moment farther from the subject gone.
To cap it all you start to quote from POPE—
A name abhorrent ! Toleration's rope
Is surely taut ! Where do you think you are ?—
In Congress ?—or before the civil bar ?
And then you tell us nothing really new ;—
Think you that none have WALL STREET walked but you ?
Has my regard for HADES been so strong
That like the mortal mentioned in the song,

My domesticity is such that I
From my own fireside never care to fly ?
You make me weary. I detest longevity
In a discourse. Obscurity through brevity,
Painful in some, in you would be relief.
Therefore I charge you, Study to be brief
In everything but silence. There 's a text !
I 'll add, ' To be continued in our next '
To your installment ; and may Hades save us
From such continuation ! Let OCTAVUS,
Father of fibs that singe and lies that burn,
Now take the floor,—and then we shall adjourn."

OCTAVUS, then, displacing SEPTIMUS,
Arose.—" Great Father of the Fabulous ! "
Said he, " if my report is not invested
With brevity, at least 't is well digested.
I would submit that lying does not flourish
Now as of yore. Although great numbers nourish
Hatred of truth, the fact is, education
Is spreading so that men of reputation
Must tell the truth or use great circumspection
In statements false, would they escape detection.
Of course there are exceptions to this rule,
Notably those of the religious school,
Who in the sea of controversy flounder,

And blatantly assert that you 're the founder
Of that which is our bane—the Church of Rome.
In the great country which our guest calls home
The bigots lately strove to organize
To fight the Church ; but the Minervy lies,
That sprung accoutred from their heads of wood,
Turned on them, and did us more harm than good.
In politics the liars have more freedom.
Careless of where his blind assertions lead him,
The Mugwump easily excels the rest,—
Saving the presence of our worthy guest ! "

Ere MUG could speak, as he essayed to do,
SATAN in thunder-tones forbade him to ;
Then turning back to OCTAVUS, he said,
" 'T is my desire that bigotry should spread,
But not that ignorantly stupid sort
Which nothing else but ridicule can court.
When patriotism becomes international,
The wretch professing it becomes irrational.
I 've marked these wooden pateriots obscene,
Who use the starry banner as a screen ;—
Kidnapping savages ! who, brought to bay,
Hold up the child to shield them or to stay
The dreaded bullets of pursuing wrath !
Discourage them : though allies, their course hath

The contrary effect of that intended.
So little plausibility is blended
With their outrageous tales that even fools
Do laugh at them, and they become the tools,
Almost, of those whom they antagonize.
Have you not noticed that their wholesale lies,
When brought before the bar of sane inspection,
Do inquiries provoke in that direction
Which leads to truth? Disband the blundering crew,
Or Hades knows where they will lead us to!
And now [addressing all] I think I 've learned
Enough to-day. The meeting stands adjourned."

As schoolboys from their studies just released,
The council-devils rose as Satan ceased,
And swooped into the pit in mad descent,
Shrieking like fighting sparrows as they went.
Then SATAN turning to MUGWUMPUS said,
In tones that lovers use before they wed,
"The floor is yours now, if you wish to speak."
Somewhat surprised at this expression meek,
His grievances forgetting, MUG replied:
"From the firm manner in which you preside
Over this gathering, SATAN, it is clear
To me that you are truly sovereign here."
"You speak aright," said SATAN graciously:

" HELL's government is that of monarchy
With limitations. I 'm its happy ruler.
My kingdom would be happier were it cooler."
" Through all your meeting I had the impression,"
Said MUG, " that Tammany was holding session.
From what I of their meetings have been told,
You work alike,—the same ideas hold
Of individual responsibility,
Whose dangerous and damnable utility
I now perceive. Yours is the prototype
For those who monthly meet to smoke the pipe
Of patronage upon the wigwam floor.
Strange I did not suspect the same before !
But tell me—what 's the status of my case ?
Am I to be imprisoned in this place
Without a trial—hearing of some sort ?—
Or am I shunted to the lower court
The Angel told me of ? Please let me know !
If you don't need me I would like to go."

Said SATAN, wreathing his satanic leer,
" If possible, we 'd like to have you here.
Give up all thoughts of leaving for the present,
And we will try to make your visit pleasant.
Come, tell me something of your family,
The Mugwumps ! Did they send regards to me ?

Or did you tell them you were going to call ?
So Pandemonium 's like TAMMANY HALL !
Now that reminds me :—only yesterday,
Two fellows from NEW YORK who passed this way,
Declared to me that they enjoyed the change
Of residence, which I thought passing strange.
They said that since the Mugwumps came in power
NEW YORK has not experienced a sane hour,
As prominent in the reformers' ranks
Are idiots, dudes, and letter-writing cranks,
Evoking Sheol all along the line
More irritating than the genuine.
One of them was a Tammany man, I know.
Inferring that our clime precluded snow,
He wished that he were the commissioner
Having our streets in charge ! Pardon me, sir—
But if my inferences are correct,
They certainly would prompt one to suspect
That you are not in love with TAMMANY HALL.
What 's the trouble ? Why do your family all
Unite in heaping on it such abuse ?
I thought perhaps their strength might be excuse
For their existence,—or are you of those
Who think majorities should not impose
Their will on a community ? Pray speak—
Explain to me your politics unique."

"I hold," said MUG, "that ignorant majorities
Have not the right to dominate minorities
Of educated men. My plan of polity
Rejects a vulgar quantity for quality."
"I partly comprehend your explanation,"
SATAN rejoined; "but what is education
If it be not the means effecting might,
Which makes, and is synonymous with, right?"
"Do you assert that might uneducated
Has right to govern?" MUG interrogated.
"Should citizens of culture and ability
To vulgar hordes submit? Faugh! Such servility
Is not in me! My vote should count as ten
When cast against uneducated men!"
"It would," said SATAN, "if you really knew
Ten times as much as those 'gainst whom you threw
Your ballot. But the question still arises,
In what is education? It comprises
Hundreds of things that are not taught in school.
Mere erudition is a dangerous tool
Whose naked edges often cut the hand
Of reasoning that wields it. In your land
It is decided wisely that authority
Most properly resides with the majority;
Though 't would appear that you are slow to learn
The salutary lesson. Let me burn

This little truth on your impervious brain,
So that you shall not question it again."

So saying, he to DEUCIFER withdrew,
Who had been standing near them ; and the two
In hurried conversation could be heard,
Though MUG could not make out a single word.
Then DEUCIFER, raising his wings for flight,
Plunged in the pit, and disappeared from sight ;
While SATAN, coming to MUGWUMPUS, said,
" The errand on which DEUCIFER is sped
Pertains to you. He will return anon,
Accompanied by others. While he 's gone
I would request that you for me rehearse
Your tale of travel through the universe,
Beginning at the time your body died."
To this request MUG willingly complied.

Dear reader, while MUGWUMPUS is repeating
His twice-told tale, let me to you send greeting !
Let me felicitate upon the fact—
The curtain rises now on the last act ;
And take a happy retrospective view
Over these rhymes—happy because I 'm through
With writing them, or very nearly so.—
These Heliconian waters run so slow !

In structure, how in keeping with the times
Is the employment of the female rhymes,
Competing with the males at every point.
Then there 's that verse I use, with triple joint,
Which some would classify hexameter,
A quinquesex-less meter, as it were,
Infringing on prosodical propriety,
Though to my rhymings it admits variety.
Some lines are smooth, others are more than rough ;
But if you grasp the sense, that is enough—
(Not every writer can be understood)
At least, I 'd tried to think so if I could.
The doubtful credit I would also take,
That I have never for description's sake
Spun out description : as a democrat
Would treat protection, it is used so that
'T is ne'er an object, but an incident.
Such is my rule unbroken, though 't was bent
On one or two exuberant occasions
When I was bent on heavenly invasions.

On second thoughts I guess I shall go on,
Spin out my narrative and have it done.
(If there is harm in guessing, an apology
Is due to those who dote on etymology.)
Where were we when we stopped? Ah! To be sure—

We left MUGWUMPUS talking of his tour
To SATAN,—but ere he has finished it,
DEUCIFER comes up panting from the pit,
Yet smiling,—and in either hand he brings
A being like himself, but lacking wings.
"So soon?" said SATAN to him as he lighted,
"Your friends, of course, know why they 're extradited?"
DEUCIFER's charges grinned, and bowed assent.
Then SATAN, bringing MUG before them, went
Through the details of formal introduction;
And MUG, alas, learned that for his instruction
And entertainment it had been decided
That he with these companions be provided—
ALPHAHI and O'MEGA!—that the three
Should rule and hold all UPPER HELL in fee
Between them, and a government erect
In such a manner as they might elect.
So SATAN put the case, and suavely ended
By saying these proceedings were intended
To give MUGWUMPUS ample opportunities
In framing schemes for governing communities.—
"ALPHAHI and O'MEGA," SATAN said,
"Have had experience—they are Tammany bred.
I doubt me not you 'll find their counsel wise
When you your plans of polity devise.
DEUCIFER, too, will stay in UPPER HELL

As my ambassador. And now, farewell !
For I must leave you. So ! Receive my blessing ! ! !
I shall return to see how you 're progressing,
Within a week." A sheet of flame and smoke
Exuded from his person as he spoke :
MUG, blinded, terrified, reeled back and fell,
While SATAN flapped his way to LOWER HELL.

When MUG came to (for he was somewhat dazed),
He got upon his feet, ashamed—amazed,
Rubbing his eyes, to note with vision cleared,
SATAN and DEUCIFER had disappeared.
Was 't his behavior that had given birth
To his associates' unbounded mirth ?—
Or what ? for they were both convulsed with laughter,
Unnatural, MUG thought, in the hereafter.
" I move," O'MEGA cried, " we organize,
And that ALPHAHI be our mayor ! The ayes
Have it ; all those opposed keep still !
ALPHAHI is our mayor ! " " As mayor I will
Proceed," ALPHAHI said, " without delay,
To making of appointments. What d 'ye say ?
O'MEGA then shall be Chief of Police,
Preserver of protection and the peace ;
Also Commissioner of Public Works,
And Corporation Counsel. If he shirks

His duties, as I am convinced he will,
I 'll give him other offices to fill.
MUGWUMPUS shall be—what? why, to be sure!
A Fire Commissioner,—no sinecure
In HADES!" "Now, I move you, Mister Mayor,"
O'MEGA interposed, "that our friend there
Oblige us with a song. Come, sing for us!"
"'T is passed," ALPHAHI cried; "and by unanimous
Request, the gentleman will kindly sing
A ballad for us. Have you anything
That you prefer? I would so like to hear
A song I have n't heard in many a year—
The 'Cuckoo Song' as EMMET sang it. Come,
If you can't sing it, whistle it, or hum!'
"Don't hurry him!" O'MEGA interjected;
"Give him a chance to get his voice collected.
Of course he 'll yodle for us—that 's his forte."
"Of course he will do nothing of the sort,"
Cried MUG, unable to restrain his wrath.
"What 's that?" yelled his companions in a breath.
"Why, then, we 'll see what argument can do,"
ALPHAHI added; and with that the two,
Producing cudgels, took poor MUG in hand,
And basted him till he could hardly stand.
MUG yelled and kicked, and on his knees did flop,
Declaring he would sing if they would stop.

They stopped ; ALPHAHI with the warning grim
That they would dust the nonsense out of him,
If he persisted in his stubbornness.
MUG then, his vocal organs in distress,
Proceeded with the song. A mournful lay
It was, indeed, with him, as you well may
Imagine ! His companions, listening, laughed
To that degree that they went nearly daft.

" Now dance for us ! " O'MEGA cried in glee.
" The skirt-dance is a favorite with me."
MUG hung his head and asked to be excused :
They pressed the point, and he in scorn refused ;
Whereat they started in to cudgel him
With such an extraordinary vim
That he gave issue to a ripping cry
That tore Hell's concave (that 's its roof, or sky,
Damaged in MILTON's book, afterwards mended).
MUG begged for mercy ; and when they had ended
Chastising him, he danced as he was bade,
While they encouraged him and laughed like mad.
Perspiring from the efforts they had spent
In serving MUG with proper chastisement,
ALPHAHI ordered him to doff his gown
And fan them with it. MUG, without a frown
Or word, removed the garment as requested,

And briskly waved it o'er them as they rested.
His stubborn spirit was at last subdued !
Here let us leave him, and no more intrude
Upon his sufferings or destiny.
He learned at length why two, although not three,
Are more than one ; and also why authority
Doth usually reside with the majority.

As we attain the hither shore of STYX,
Let me, by way of epilogue, affix
A few conclusions, thereby saving time
For those who think that sense can dwell in rhyme.
I come to preach no doctrine strange or new
That will achieve what others fail to do.
I simply plead that what you have you hold,
And counsel your adherence to the old.
If the wise plans of those who freely spent
Life, wealth, and brain to form our government
Are now accounted futile, foolish, trite,
No earthly laws shall ever set us right.
Though in all other things the world may move,
The individual man does not improve.

Let no man say that I am indiscreet
In that around the bush I scorn to beat,

But frĕely give expression to my creed
Religious and politic. I concede
To every man the right to his belief,
And will not come upon him as a thief.
I wish to let you know just where I stand,—
To let you see my lights,—to show my hand,
And let who can produce one stronger yet.
And when I say that I have never met
A man, howe'er declining toward the brute,
In whom I have not marked some attribute
Compelling admiration,—some faint trace
Or dim reflection of his Maker's face,—
I feel that it cannot be fairly said,
My views or sympathies are limited.
If your religion is of human make,
I 've no desire to burn you at the stake ;
If other politics than mine be yours,
Your straight avowal of the same insures
My confidence and courteous respect.
We all have our opinions : I select
And place Democracy above the rest
Because I think its principles the best.
If I 've described it all that's great and pious,
You can make discount for my party bias.
Whatever your beliefs, I 'll not condemn
Or criticise if you live up to them.

My quarry is the hypocrite :—by me
The whited sepulchre—the Pharisee—
The man with sanctimonious exterior,
Who poses as his fellow man's superior,
Shall ne'er be given quarter ! Wheresoe'er
He shapes his words in counterfeit of prayer,—
Whether in public prints, or halls of state,
In merry banquet-room, or church sedate,—
Whining and canting his dyspeptic lay,
God give me strength to tear the mask away !

But let me not be given o'er to railings,
Lest I, in censuring, discover failings
Akin to those that I desire to lash !
In condemnation let me not be rash !
And thou, O Virgin-Mother ! at whose shrine
I knelt in youth when quietude was mine
And Christian happiness,—oh, pray for me !
Pray for the sinner who assumes to be
His brother's judge !—who toleration teaches,
That he may hear his own words when he preaches,
And hearing, have the saving grace to heed !
The word flows swiftly, but how slow the deed

They tell a tale, rich in hyperbole,
(Come, children, gather round the chestnut tree !)

About an Irishman and his confessor,
Showing the softer ways of the transgressor.
With various minor lapses, PAT begins,
And then declares, coming to grievous sins,
"Father, I killed two men!" Too shocked to talk,
The priest, mechanically, with a chalk,
Draws two recording stripes athwart his knee.
"But, Father," adds the penitent, "you see—
These men were Orangemen;"—which explanation
Doth in itself seem ample expiation,
For, hearing it, the priest without delay
Proceeds to rub the offending stripes away.
This prompt deletion seems to signify
That juice of Orangemen doth wash and dry
All taint of guilt in him who lets the same.
A pleasant moral!—upon which I frame
An application equally as chaste
To those who have my sanguinary taste.
Thus, chiding reader, if, in your review
Of my performance, I 'm accused by you
Of scorning prosody and laws syntactical,
And breaking art's commandments by didactical
And sermonizing lines, I can but say,
"I did;"—and then if you would further flay
A guilty conscience by accusing me
Of murder (never mind in what degree),

In that I tried to kill with my blunt pen,
Or stab at several of my fellowmen
With murderous intent, I should reply,
" That did I also ; "—but at this point I
Would offer to you in extenuation,
" These men were Mugwumps ! "—with which explanation
I seem to hear you say, " Enough ! Thou 'rt shriven.
Scribbler, for this be thy bad rhymes forgiven ! "

THE END.

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